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Year.

THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS.

MARCH 1910
VOL. XI. NO.

THE THEATRE

Onyx Trade GUARANTEED ONYX STAINLESS Mark *Hosiery*

Silk

Let the conversation of women turn to the subject of hosiery; they immediately resolve themselves into a committee of one in favor of "ONYX."

"ONYX" SILK HOSIERY is most attractive and embraces every new improvement. Complete range of newest colors in plain silk or embroidered.

Every pair is guaranteed free from flaws and defects of manufacture, and if not found so can be readily exchanged. This guarantee is valuable in connection with the "Oynx" trade-mark, stamped on every pair. Sold at all quality shops. Take no substitute.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest dealer, or send, postpaid, any number desired. Write to Dept. I

Lord & Taylor *Wholesale Distributors* *New York*

A dainty lingerie gown of French batiste trimmed with a combination of tucks, Valenciennes lace and a yoke of Irish crochet lace. **$25.00**

Alice Maynard

For
Gowns
Blouses
Sweaters
Embroidery Silks
and Woolens

510 Fifth Avenue 381 Fifth Avenue
New York

A practical one-piece dress of French linen trimmed with bands of cross stitch embroidery in Persian colors, with yoke and cuffs of tucked batiste and Valenciennes lace. **$35.00**

The Gossard Corsets

They Lace in Front

MODEL "A"—Booked for a Second Season by Popular Acclaim

The perfect corset has arrived. It is the accomplishment of the "New School of Corset Design and Construction." In it is embodied all that we have learned from our years of Corset experience.

Model "A" is a member of the family of

THE Gossard CORSETS
"They Lace In Front"

We introduced it last season. It became an instant favorite. At the beginning of this season we wanted to improve it. We searched for faults. We could find none nor hear of any from any source. Model "A" was already so perfect it would admit of no further improvement. Its perfection was so universally recognized that we are compelled to run it a second season.

TWO VIEWS OF MODEL "A"

Many things contributed to this perfection. The front lacing feature is one. The unrivalled beauty of the closed habit back another. The **Electrobone** TRADE MARK filling, which has relegated whalebone to the ranks of the superseded, is a third. But above all, yet actuating all, is the "New School" influence to which the world owes thanks for the first really perfect corset. Gossard Corsets are sold by the class store of the community. Write for our brochure de luxe "Lines"—the Rembrandt of Corsetry.

THE H. W. GOSSARD COMPANY

11 EAST VAN BUREN STREET, :: :: :: :: :: :: :: CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale in New York by Jas. McCutcheon & Co., 345 Fifth Ave., and Olmstead Corset Co., 44 W. 22d St. For sale in Boston by R. H. Stearns & Co.

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Give me what I ask for. "I want what I want when I want it." NO SUBSTITUTE

A lovely combination of colors is used in this black straw hat, for the big buckle is covered with pink roses while the peau de soie ribbon drapery is of the new Bleriot blue and the tulle puffing in black. Made by Eliane, Paris

Photos Manuel

A hat breathing of springtime is this violet tagal straw embellished with Parma violets and Japanese cherries. Made by Eliane, Paris

Motor or aeroplane hat, made by Carlier, Paris. Before sailing for America Madame Paulhan, wife of the famous aviator, had specially created for her by Carlier, a number of aeroplane hats of which this is one of the series

for there is no length of skirt so well suited to the tastes and requirements of the majority of American women than is that which is two inches from the ground, or what is known as instep length. The ankle length skirt is correct only for young girls. Circular, gored and plaited skirts will all be good style if properly made.

Band trimming will be quite a feature of silk dresses. A pretty one shown me for a young girl was of dark blue Salome silk trimmed with a wide band of blue foulard with a big white dot. The bodice was trimmed with a moderately wide sailor collar of the foulard, the front opening being filled in with a dainty chemisette of tucked white batiste trimmed with deep ecru Cluny lace, while over the foulard collar fell a narrower lingerie one, the edges cut in Van Dyke points, while the sleeves were finished with a wide cuff made similar to this lingerie collar.

The balloon skirt is an outcome of the band trimming idea. The name is quite descriptive. This skirt requires a soft material such as chiffon or voile, which is plaited or shirred into the belt, and then drawn down to within ten inches of the bottom of the foundation skirt, where the fulness is this time plaited or shirred on to a band of velvet, silk or cloth. This band being not so wide as the upper portion of the skirt the result is a balloonlike effect to the upper portion of the skirt. It is quite another matter with the long skirt, for here the long snakelike train assuredly is fascinating when it is well managed. Among the imported models shown me last week was a long afternoon gown made by Badin. The coloring was exquisite. The gown was of king's blue brocade all in the same shade. Over this was draped a tunic of changeable blue and green chiffon, the green being of the new tilleul shade. This was caught up over the left knee, and then came around in a swirl at the back where it was fastened to the train by a beaded jet ornament. The top of the bodice showed a shimmer of gold beneath the chiffon. Another king's blue brocade had a straight narrow tunic of blue black net embroidered with jet and black silk with just a suspicion of gold. It was very elegant and strictly Parisian, but to my horror it was ordered copied in rose pink. Now when there are so many lovely and artistic dark shades of color advocated by Dame Fashion why will some people always want the striking and cruder shades.

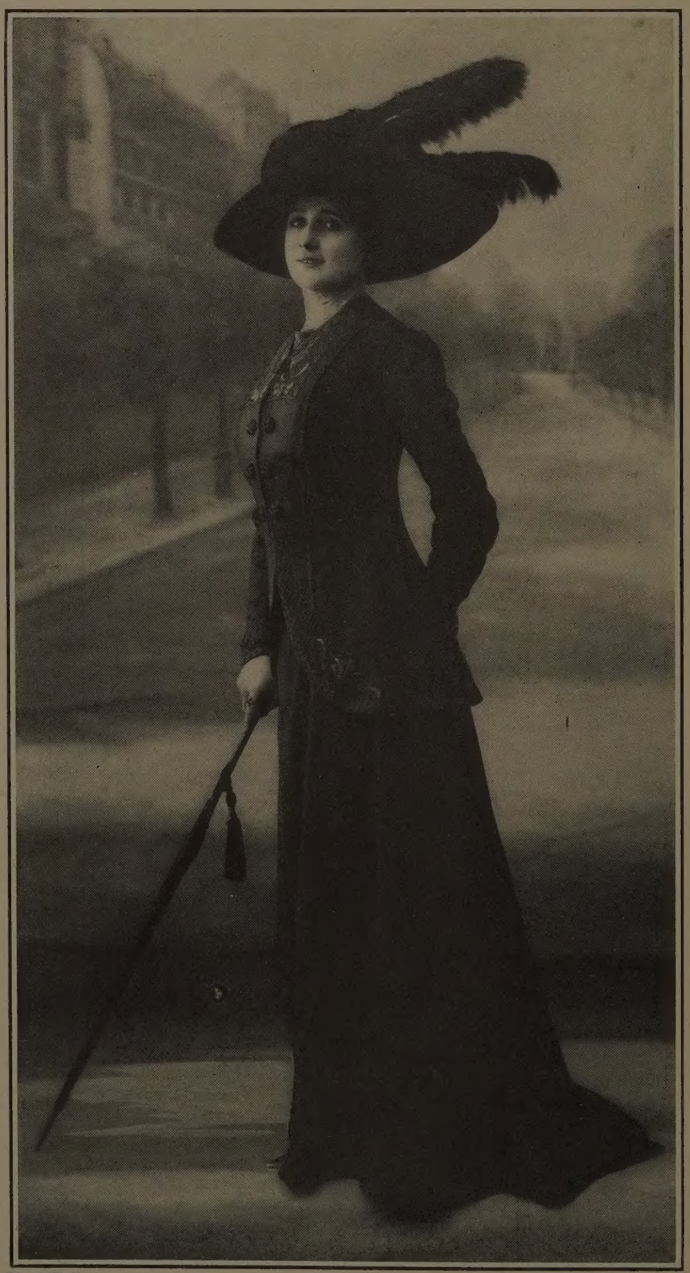

Photo Felix

Smart tailored costume of mandarin colored cloth with new short jacket trimmed with soutache braid with touches of gold embroidery. The bodice which completes this costume is of mousseline de soie in the same tone veiling and embroidery of beads and gold with a small guimpe of lace. Made by Laferriere, Paris

Metal continues to be greatly favored, gold, silver and aluminum. Cloth of gold and silver gowns are veiled with net or chiffon, perferably the former, or rather the net is the outer veiling while chiffon is used beneath it. The net is generally a fine one with a tiny pattern, and for this black is favored. While the chiffon may be white or one of the new shades.

A great deal of gold net both heavy and fine is used, gold and silver lace are used also, though these are so expensive and so scarce that they are not so much in evidence as the nets. A lovely cloth of gold gown was veiled with white chiffon, the latter weighted down by a six-inch band of heavy gold net; over this was a fine black net with tiny figures which was bordered with a wide band of Chantilly lace. The combination was exceedingly effective, and such as would be admirable for a reception or dinner gown.

It is so unusual for metal to be used in the spring that I dare to predict it will continue its vogue next winter. It is nowadays used with so much discretion and artistic judgment that there is none of the garishness which once charac-

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Vantine's
The Oriental Store

A roam thro' Vantine's is always interesting

Gleanings from the House of Vantine

Exclusive Oriental Dress Silks, Fabrics, Rugs, Jewelry, Kimonas, Potteries, Bronzes, etc.

Dress Silks of Distinction

We are showing many new weaves and designs—Vantine's original ideas.

Semi-rough "Eboshi" Crêpe, a smart fabric in new tints.

Genuine Chinese Pongees, in all weights, and in a large assortment of colors.

Habutai Silks—Lyons dye, handsome small designs and dots.

Wash Silks, large variety, for outing and traveling suits, men's shirts, pajamas, etc.; 27 inch, $1.00; 31 inch, $1.50.

—SECOND FLOOR

Oriental Jewelry

Vantine's jewel craft is unique. Precious and semi-precious stones are mounted in special designed settings.

Necklaces, odd Rings, Brooches, Scarf Pins, Cuff Links, Fobs, Hat Pins, Bracelets, Buckles and Clasps, Pendants, Lorgnette Chains, etc.

Purses and Bags, Fans, Parasols and Umbrellas.

Japanese Coats

Opera and Evening Coats, a new model of the Chinese Mandarin Coat, made in silk crêpe, with handsome embroidered designs all over.

Scarfs and Throws, ladies' neck Scarfs, silk, crêpe and chiffon, in Persian and floral designs.

China embroidered Silk Shawls, black and white, with heavy knotted fringe.

Lamps of odd designs, Japanese Screens, Teakwood Furniture, etc.

A. A. Vantine & Co.
Broadway, bet. 18th and 19th Sts.

Empress Eugénie always used the same perfume. Women of fashion follow this custom—adopting a favorite scent.

PARFUM AEOLIAN

(Made by Lenthéric, of Paris)

is the most exquisite scent. Refined, Unique, Positively Fascinating. Why not try it? Perhaps it's the one soul-satisfying perfume you have been looking for.

Sold by high-class Department Stores and Druggists

Finely Perfumed MIRA Sachets

Most exquisite sachet placed on the market for many years. 5 in a box, 50c. If you do not find them at your dealer's send me his name and I will see that you are supplied.

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SOLE IMPORTER FOR THE UNITED STATES

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE

A Beautiful Figure
Health and
A Clear Complexion

The attainment of beauty and health is not a matter of luck or of "being born so." Nature intended every woman to enjoy these possessions. I was weak and deformed in childhood. But I believed in Nature's power to remedy unnatural physical conditions. If I am now, as they say, the most perfectly developed woman in the world, I owe it to this fact.

What I Have Done for Myself, I Can Also Do for You

If you are too thin—too fleshy — undeveloped or unshapely—if your complexion is sallow—if you are weak, ill, tired or languid, or in any respect not as Nature intended you to be, I can be of great help to you.

Send for My Booklet My educational booklet, "HEALTH, BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS," will prove a revelation to you. It tells why and how you may acquire this physical perfection. It will be sent free. Enclose 4c. postage.

ROOM 703-K
Annette Kellermann, 1133 Broadway, New York

terized it. Then, too, when correctly used it is so becoming that it will be more and more appreciated. This fact was borne in on me the other day when I met a woman who was usually dressed in sombre colors, but this time her Bleriot blue cloth gown had touches of gold on the collar and bodice, and the result was that she looked years younger than she usually does.

There will also be a great deal of metal used in the dressy hats this spring. But this is in the airy style well suited to the season. Metal tulles, or metal veiled with tulle are already making their appearance in the mid-season hats at the fashionable milliners. A lovely one I saw the other day was a big turban of fine gold net clouded with a wood brown tulle, which was simply rolled and rolled about the framework, and a brown aigrette stuck at one side. Clever fingers could easily make such a chapeau, provided always that the right frame can be bought. And there's the rub for the home milliner; it is always so difficult to get just the materials and the newest shapes.

Laces will be more used than they have been in recent seasons. The new idea was well illustrated last month in the charming frock by Madame Zimmermann with its flounces of fine lace. Chantilly is the keynote of styles in lace for the new fashion. There are many good ideas in the draped afternoon and evening costumes wherein a Chantilly lace shawl can be used to advantage. For example, the deep centre point could be arranged in the centre front of the bodice, the shawl allowed to fall over the skirt as far as it will, and then the ends brought around and tied in the back, or simply held in place by a big beaded ornament. With an underdress of self-colored brocade or crinkly silk crêpe such an arrangement would be quite out of the ordinary.

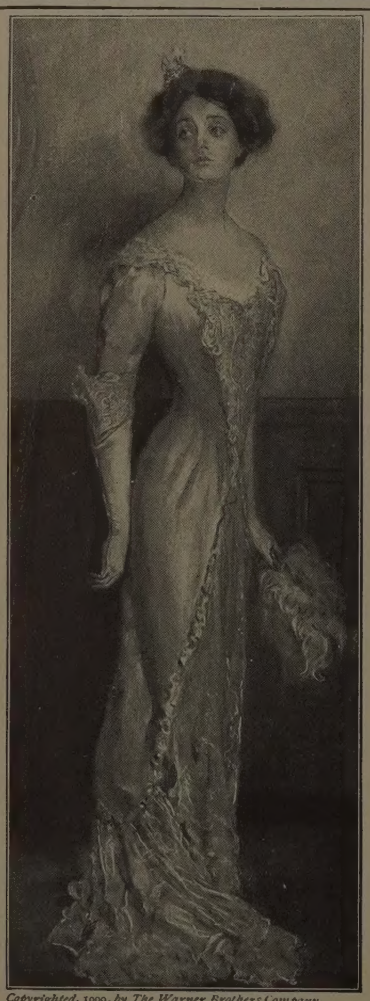
Annette Kellermann, the famous swimmer, who, physically, is regarded as being our most perfect specimen of womanhood

Transparent material such as marquisette or voile is excellent for the dressy though short skirted afternoon costume. If you would be quite up to date this will be made over a changeable taffeta, and may be cut in the Russian blouse style, the tunic coming to within ten inches of the underskirt, and this tunic should be bordered with a deep band of contrasting material or a trimming, which also runs up the left side to the shoulder. The sleeves, of course, will be cut in one with the bodice, and there should be a guimpe and high collar of fine lace. Such a gown made of tilleul green voile over the right shade of brown or satin, or brown and green changeable taffeta and bordered with brown velvet ribbon would make a lovely calling gown, capped as it might be with a hat of green tulle draped over a silver foundation.

Few women realize the value of green as a dress color. Certainly there are greens that could be becoming to no complexion, but these are few and far between, and many of the new greens will be found to put color into the face rather than take it out.

There is no one color that will be more fashionable than another this season. Therefore, the great thing to be considered in choosing color is to select those which are becoming. There is a plentiful array of new shades in all colors and the fashion tendency is toward subdued tones rather than bright hues. However, that is quite a minor consideration, since the chief one should always be to choose a becoming shade. To be sure the fact that lace guimpes are so much used and so the color is not quite so near the face, so that the unbecomingness of a color is somewhat softened in the gown.

My attention was called the other day to the presto collar, which is a new and clever idea for the automobile as well as the suit coat. By some trick of cutting what seems to be the ordinary shawl and notched coat collar can instantly be transformed into a high tight-fitting collar that thoroughly protects the neck and throat from dust and cold alike. It is already being used on some of the smartest of the new cravenetted raincoats for both men and women, and I was told that it is an excellent collar for men's evening suits as it does away entirely with the necessity of a muffler. As it is quite new I have not come across anyone who has yet tried it, but it certainly looks the value that its inventor claims.



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Redfern Whalebone Corsets

are the correct base for the fashionable woman's gowning.

The figure this season indicates curves—at the back, at the waist and over the hips.

There are various Redfern Models suiting various types of forms; each model promotes for the figure intended the lines and curves necessary for good dressing.

Redfern Models are boned with the purest Arctic Whalebone, the only boning acknowledged by dress authorities as entirely satisfactory for shaping and modeling purposes.

Redfern Models have **"Security"** *Rubber Button Hose Supporters attached and* **they range in price from $15.00 down to $3.50 per pair.**

Write for Booklet "T" on the correct fitting of your corsets

The Warner Brothers Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco

YOU SHOULD KNOW that our

Skein Dyed Black Shantungs

in varied weaves and textures are the most adaptable, practical and fashionable gown fabrics of to-day for travel, motor, or steamer wear, and for that matter, for all informal occasions.

In these silks we have given to those who appreciate the becomingness of true black a pure silk fabric.

Unmatchable in body quality of texture, richness of dye and lustre—a black silk that absolutely cannot crack, rub or fade—a silk that wears as did the silks of a century ago.

For sale by every leading drygoods store in America.

Look for the trade-mark on the wrapper and the selvage mark.

There are also 80 colors to choose from in

"Indro" Registered in U S Patent Office — $1.00 yard, 27 inches wide

"ARAB" Registered in U S Patent Office — $1.35 yard, 27 inches wide

"SALOME" Reg. in U S Pat Off. — $1.35 yard, 27 inches wide

Rogers & Thompson

69 Mercer Street *New York*

Originators of Genuine R & T silks, and skein dyed, black. REAL BLACK Pongees and Shantungs.

A splendid evening gown of changeable moire veiled with net, embroidered with many colored round beads. The draping of the corsage is unusually graceful and effective. Made by Zimmermann, Paris

counters, where there is an abundance of adjustable jabots and frills to be found. Excepting in the more exclusive shops the frilled waist, when it is to be found, is a button-back affair. Just why the makers of waists should have constructed it in this inconvenient fashion is hard to tell, since it is made to button in front by the French.

Separate jabots and frills that can be worn with any waist are certainly more economical than those attached to the waist, because the ruffles soil quicker than other parts, and therefore when the frills are a part of the waist the entire garment must be washed oftener than would otherwise be the case. Other new neckwear ideas are the fanciful low collars. These are in both lingerie and lace, and have the edges of irregular outline. Also there are shown the round Dutch collars that were so popular last summer. The collarless bodice promises to be a feature of the summer styles once more. This being known so early it is to be hoped that those who intend to adopt the fashion will at once begin to put their necks into condition by the steady application of bleaching and softening cold creams. For after the vogue of high collars of the past season there is scarcely a skin which will not be the better for such treatment.

Roseberry cloth is one of the new materials used for cravenette, rain and automobile coats. It comes in very pretty shades of the fashionable colors of which the blues and tans appealed most strongly to me. One of the styles in this Roseberry cloth might well be mistaken for a handsome rough woven silk. For those who desire a rain coat of more mannish style there is nothing quite so fine as English gaberdine cloth made up in paddock cut. It is not by any means a cheap cloth, and looks like a very fine quality of covert cloth, though it is much lighter in weight.

For tailored suits the coat will generally be of some length above the knee. So far this is also below the hip, and whether the jacket ending at the waistline will be among the later Paris styles is a much discussed question. Some of the smartest of these coats are made almost fitting with an attached belt at the normal waistline. This belt is either of the material or of braid, the latter being more elegant, particularly when the rest of the coat is braid trimmed.

There are any quantity of new ideas in skirts, but they one and all remain quite narrow. The short skirt will be the skirt for every occasion except evening. This will come as no surprise to readers of the THEATRE, and will be no doubt hailed with delight,

Photo Felix

Handsome dinner gown of Nattier blue net heavily ornamented with silver. The back of this tunic is a splendid example of what is likely to be a prevailing style for spring. Made by Redfern, Paris

Alice Maynard

For
Gowns
Blouses
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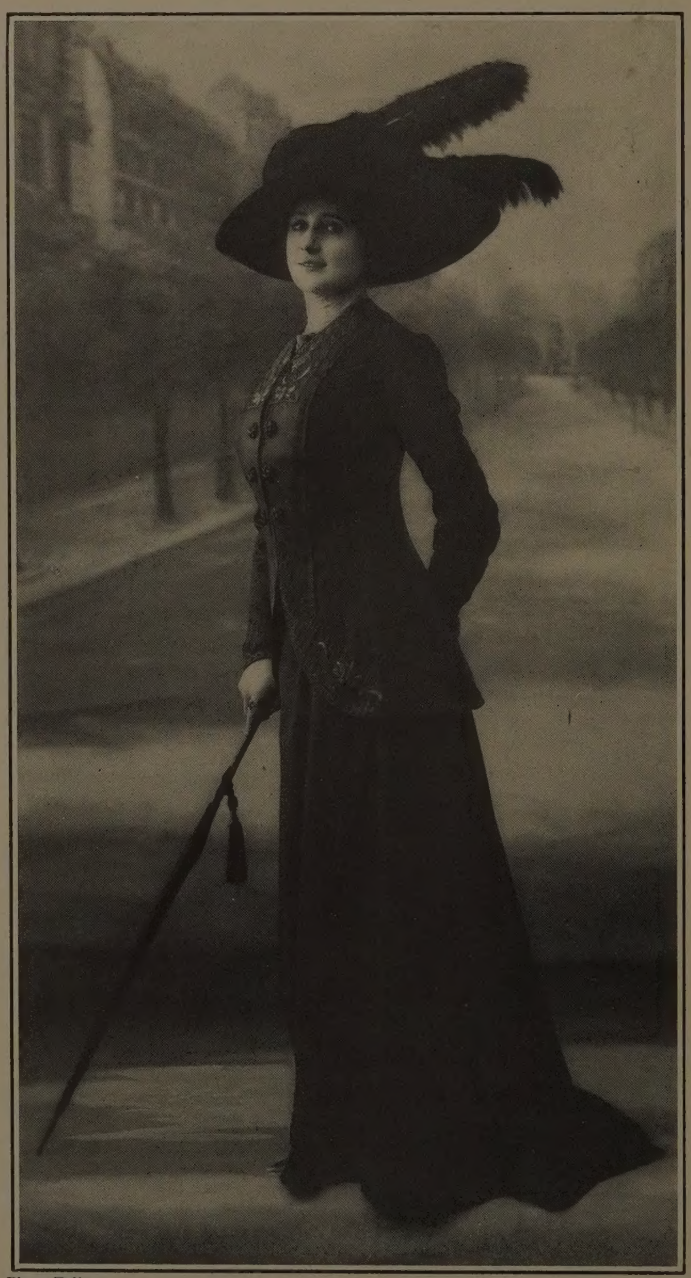

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terized it. Then, too, when correctly used it is so becoming that it will be more and more appreciated. This fact was borne in on me the other day when I met a woman who was usually dressed in sombre colors, but this time her Bleriot blue cloth gown had touches of gold on the collar and bodice, and the result was that she looked years younger than she usually does.

There will also be a great deal of metal used in the dressy hats this spring. But this is in the airy style well suited to the season. Metal tulles, or metal veiled with tulle are already making their appearance in the mid-season hats at the fashionable milliners. A lovely one I saw the other day was a big turban of fine gold net clouded with a wood brown tulle, which was simply rolled and rolled about the framework, and a brown aigrette stuck at one side. Clever fingers could easily make such a chapeau, provided always that the right frame can be bought. And there's the rub for the home milliner; it is always so difficult to get just the materials and the newest shapes.

Laces will be more used than they have been in recent seasons. The new idea was well illustrated last month in the charming frock by Madame Zimmermann with its flounces of fine lace. Chantilly is the keynote of styles in lace for the new fashion. There are many good ideas in the draped afternoon and evening costumes wherein a Chantilly lace shawl can be used to advantage. For example, the deep centre point could be arranged in the centre front of the bodice, the shawl allowed to fall over the skirt as far as it will, and then the ends brought around and tied in the back, or simply held in place by a big beaded ornament. With an underdress of self-colored brocade or crinkly silk crêpe such an arrangement would be quite out of the ordinary.

Annette Kellermann, the famous swimmer, who, physically, is regarded as being our most perfect specimen of womanhood

Transparent material such as marquisette or voile is excellent for the dressy though short skirted afternoon costume. If you would be quite up to date this will be made over a changeable taffeta, and may be cut in the Russian blouse style, the tunic coming to within ten inches of the underskirt, and this tunic should be bordered with a deep band of contrasting material or a trimming, which also runs up the left side to the shoulder. The sleeves, of course, will be cut in one with the bodice, and there should be a guimpe and high collar of fine lace. Such a gown made of tilleul green voile over the right shade of brown or satin, or brown and green changeable taffeta and bordered with brown velvet ribbon would make a lovely calling gown, capped as it might be with a hat of green tulle draped over a silver foundation.

Few women realize the value of green as a dress color. Certainly there are greens that could be becoming to no complexion, but these are few and far between, and many of the new greens will be found to put color into the face rather than take it out.

There is no one color that will be more fashionable than another this season. Therefore, the great thing to be considered in choosing color is to select those which are becoming. There is a plentiful array of new shades in all colors and the fashion tendency is toward subdued tones rather than bright hues. However, that is quite a minor consideration, since the chief one should always be to choose a becoming shade. To be sure the fact that lace guimpes are so much used and so the color is not quite so near the face, so that the unbecomingness of a color is somewhat softened in the gown.

My attention was called the other day to the presto collar, which is a new and clever idea for the automobile as well as the suit coat. By some trick of cutting what seems to be the ordinary shawl and notched coat collar can instantly be transformed into a high tight-fitting collar that thoroughly protects the neck and throat from dust and cold alike. It is already being used on some of the smartest of the new cravenetted raincoats for both men and women, and I was told that it is an excellent collar for men's evening suits as it does away entirely with the necessity of a muffler. As it is quite new I have not come across anyone who has yet tried it, but it certainly looks the value that its inventor claims.

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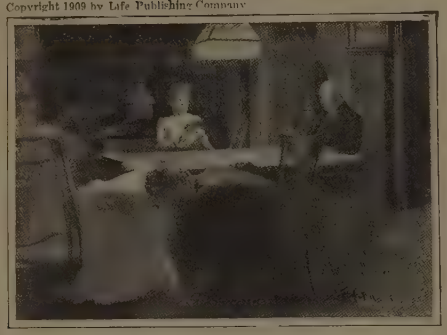

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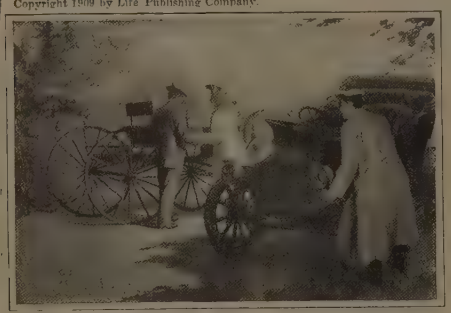

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Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely, that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

C. H. V., Boston, Mass.—Q.—Give me as much information as you can about "The Manoeuvres of Jane," in which Mary Mannering appeared. Where can I get pictures of the scenes? A.—"The Manoeuvres of Jane," in which Mary Mannering appeared as Jane Nangle, was produced, under the management of Daniel Frohman at Daly's Theatre, on November 27, 1900. We believe you will find it difficult to get pictures of scenes from this play. We do not know where they may be obtained unless from Mr. Frohman.

Matinee Girl.—Q.—In what is Lina Abarbanell appearing this season? A.—Until recently she was in "The Love Cure." Q.—In what is Maude Adams playing? A.—In "What Every Woman Knows."

H. G. B., Hartford, Conn.—The poem asked for by "E. L. B. A.," in a recent issue, as recited in "When We Were Twenty-One," is by William Makepeace Thackeray, and is called "The Garret." It will be found in any collection of Thackeray's poems.

An Interested Reader.—Q.—Tell me something of Maude Adams's life. A.—Much has been written on this subject in these columns; we would refer you to back issues. A Maude Adams' biography, in book form, is published by Meyer Bros., 26 West Thirty-third street, New York. Q.—Where was Fritzi Scheff born? A.—In Vienna.

Reader.—Q.—Can you tell me something about James Sheridan Knowles? A.—Born in Cork, Ireland, in 1874, James Sheridan Knowles later in life became famous as a dramatist. When quite young he was an actor in a theatre in Dublin, but unsuccessful at this he turned to elocution, becoming a teacher of this art. "Virginius," "William Tell" and "The Hunchback" are his best known dramas. He died in 1862.

A. T., Hoboken.—Q.—Can you give me brief sketches of the respective careers of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe? A.—Edward Hugh Sothern is a son of E. A. Sothern, the famous Lord Dundreary. He was born in New Orleans, and made his début in a minor rôle in his father's company in 1879 at the old Park Theatre. Later he acted with John McCullough, Helen Barry, Helen Dauvray and Estelle Clayton. In 1887 he became a star under the management of Daniel Frohman, appearing with success in "The Highest Bidder," "Lord Chumley," and other comedy parts. Later he deserted comedy for tragic roles. In 1904 he joined Julia Marlowe and together they have been appearing in Shakespearian and romantic repertoire. Miss Marlowe was born in England. Her real name is Sarah Frances Frost. When she was very young, her family came to this country, settling in the West. In 1887, after three years study of English elocution under Ada Dow, she made her début on the stage. She was first seen in New York as Parthenia in "Ingomar" at the Bijou, and at first was unsuccessful. Later she won great popularity, and in 1904 began her co-starring tour with E. H. Sothern. In February, 1909, she appeared in "The Goddess of Reason," but shortly after resumed her work with Mr. Sothern, both being seen recently in a sumptuous revival of "Antony and Cleopatra" at the opening of the New Theatre. Q.—Have you ever published portraits of them in THE THEATRE? A.—Often. Recently, of Mr. Sothern in May and September, 1909, and of Miss Marlowe in March (also March colored cover) and October, 1909.

Sally Leeds, Margaret Beebe and Mary Leeds.—Q.—Will Maude Adams play "The Little Minister" or "Quality Street" again? A.—We cannot say. Q.—In what will Julia Marlowe be seen next? A.—In repertoire with Sothern. Q.—Have you published pictures of Maude Adams in "The Little Minister?" A.—Yes. In September, 1903, and the colored cover of February, 1905.

E. T., Louisville.—Q.—In what will Lulu Glaser be seen next? A.—In a play entitled "One of the Boys."

M. A. A., Kansas City.—Q.—Will Margaret Illington appear again in "The Thief?" A.—We believe not. She has retired from the stage. Q.—Have you ever published an interview with her? A.—No.

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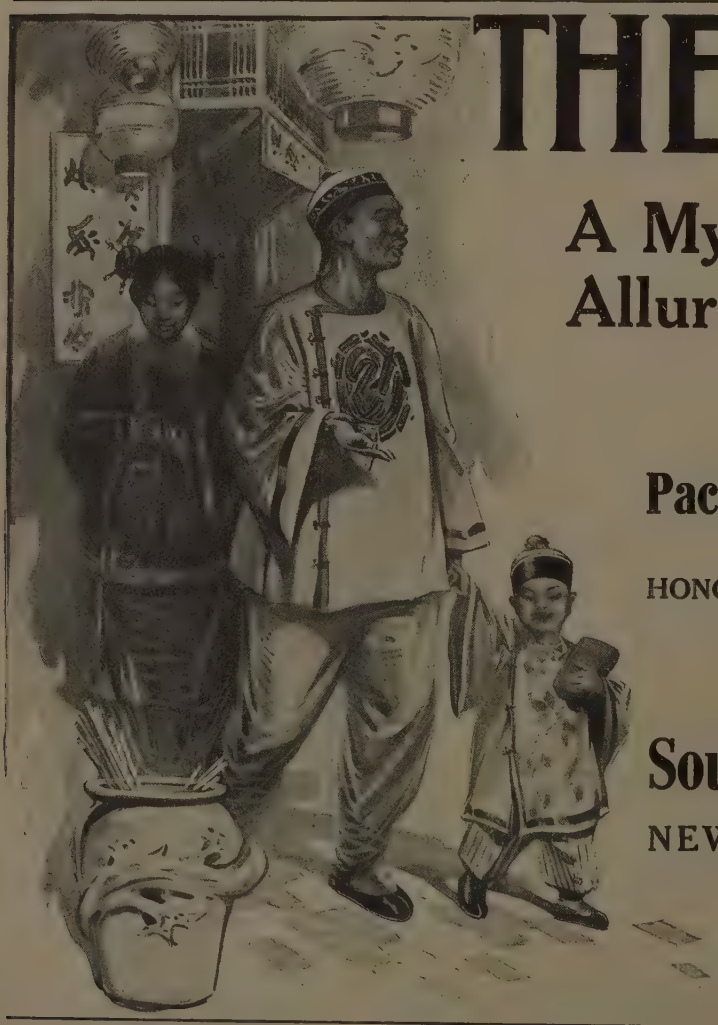

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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XI MARCH, 1910 No. 109

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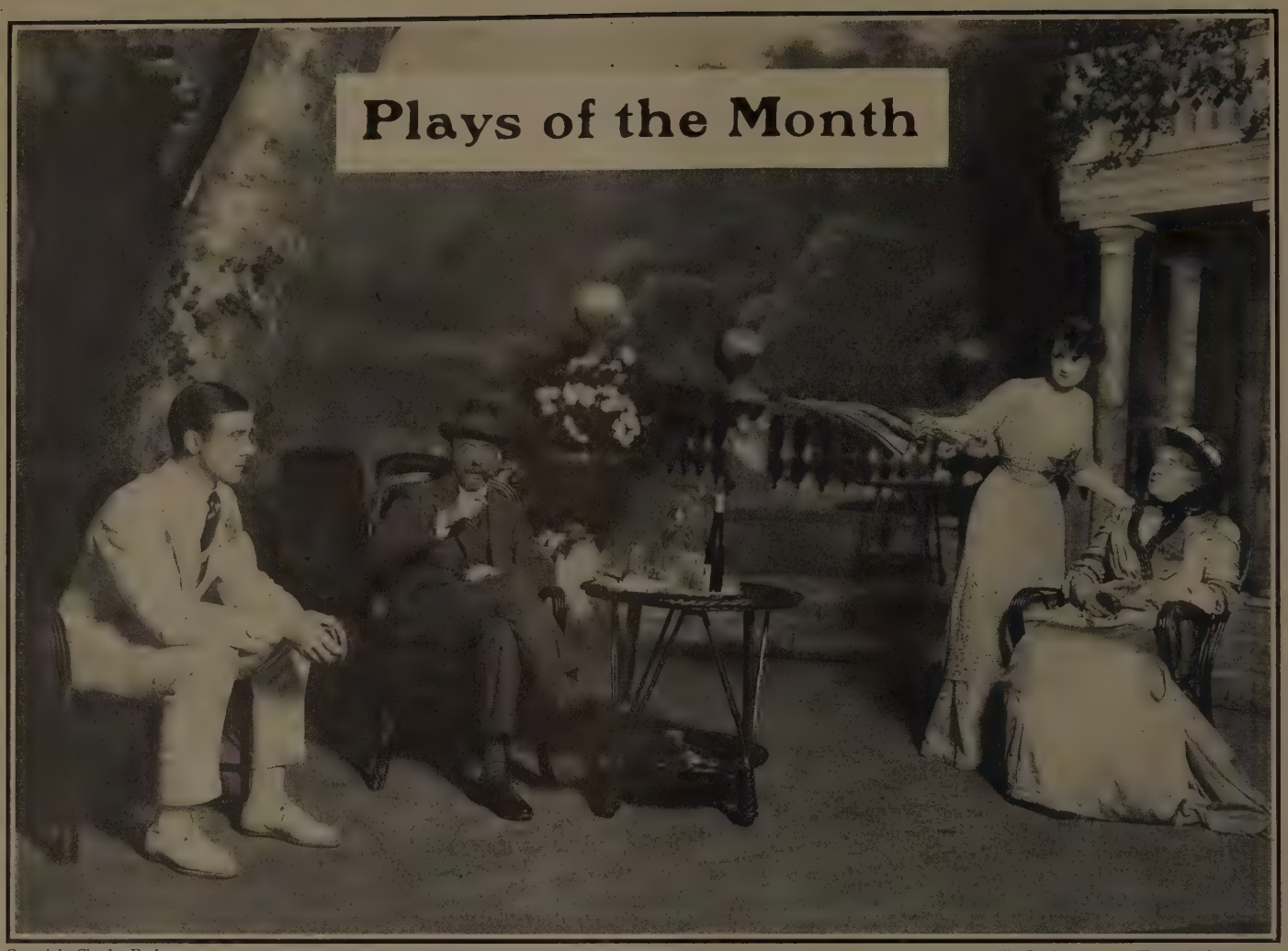
Photo Sykes, Chicago

WILLIAM ELLIOTT AS THE YOUNG ADVOCATE IN "MADAME X" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

Jacqueline Floriot, former wife of the president of the Tribunal, but now an outcast, is on trial for her life. Judge Floriot, who is present in court to hear his son plead his first case, recognizes the wretched woman, but keeps silent. Ignorant that the prisoner is his own mother, the young advocate makes an eloquent heart-moving defence, which results in her being acquitted

Plays of the Month



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Act II. Mrs. Dot: "Do you think anyone could possibly fall in love with that?"

SCENE IN W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S NEWEST COMEDY, "MRS. DOT," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

NEW AMSTERDAM. "Madame X." Drama and Prologue in three acts by Alexander Bisson. Adapted for the English stage by John Raphael. Produced February 2 with the following cast:

Rose.....Christine Blessing
Dr. Chesnel.....L. Rogers Lytton
Noel.....Robert Payton Gibbs
Laroque.....Malcolm Williams
Victor.....Harry C. Bradley
Parissard.....W. H. Denny
Merivel.....Charles E. Verner
Marie.....Deirdre Doyle
Helene.....Cecil Kern
Raymond Floriot.....William Elliott
Clerk of Court.....Frank Wright
President of Court.....Chas. E. Brandt
Fontaine.....B. S. Higgins
Valmorin.....John McKee
An Usher of the Assize Court..Walter F. Tuley
Foreman of the Jury.....Floyd K. Brown
Louis Floriot.....Robert Drouet
Jacqueline.....Dorothy Donnelly

"Madame X" is something more than melodrama. It is intensely human, and departs in no wise from the truths of life in order to gain theatric effect. Unnumbered tragedies in real life are suggested by every step in the career of the miserable woman, who, lost to all happiness or even peace of mind, sets herself resolutely to the accomplishment of the only hope left to her—to be executed as a criminal, and to pass out of the world without revealing her identity. Men and women seek death every day with the same design, but here it is not the ordinary shame and sense of worthlessness. She would remain unknown in order to protect her son from all knowledge of her history and her fate.

MARY MOORE

Sir Charles Wyndham's leading lady seen lately in "The Mollusc," at the Empire Theatre

The play is old-fashioned, and not new in many of its details, but when, during the performance, long before the culmination of the action, a woman here and there in the audience throws up her arms in surrender to grief and has to be led away, we must attribute the effect to something more than the art of the theatre. A foolish wife has been spurned, and set adrift by her husband. She has been lost to view; in the solitude of night, through blinding tears, someone who loved her has sought in imagination some vision of her, a vain but unavoidable agony; and suddenly there she stands before the eye, this Madame X., the embodiment of every woman who has fallen into the abyss. Madame X. is driven from his door by the husband when she comes, after an absence of two years, praying that she may see her child, a boy, of whose illness she has learned. A friend of the husband, who had loved her in purity, reproaches the husband and says that he will find her and protect her from the fate that seems now her doom. The husband sees that he has been cruel. They rush out to overtake her. She is lost. Twenty years pass. An adventurer has picked her up in Brazil. The creature is now sodden with drink. He is at his

wits' end for money. Two of his old companions have prospered as blackmailers, carrying on their trade under the guise of respectability. They learn of some mystery in the life of the woman with him. He adroitly, by plying flattery and drink, learns from her that she left her dowry for her son when she abandoned her husband. As he is about to leave to apply for this money in her name, she shoots and kills him. At the trial her son, whose identity is not known to her at first, makes the plea for her. It is his maiden speech. He begins awkwardly, but finishes eloquently, overcome by his own emotion. Madame X. had refused to answer every question. He defends her course, unknowingly picturing the exact state of affairs, and asking the jurors to consider the nobility of her act in shielding someone who was dear to her. By some accident Madame X. overhears the name of her counsel. She still will not make herself known, but she suffers in suppressed agony. The friend of his father, who had always cherished the memory of the woman, had persuaded the father to tell his son about his mother before the boy, who is engaged to a girl of good family, is married. The father has discovered the identity of Madame X. and does not tell the boy. Madame X. has fainted, and the court-room has been cleared. It is in these circumstances that the final scenes take place. Madame X. dies caressing her son.

Dorothy Donnelly as Madame X. was not quite equal to the final moment of the play, but she gave a faithful, and even terrifying, picture of the effect of hopeless and joyless sin in a woman. There were all the outer marks of depravity, but with a conscience that drink nor drug could wholly deaden, and though she had reached the dregs of life, the purity and ecstasy of a mother's love was to be tasted by her in the end. Extravagant praise would not befit the play, for its elements are sordid; but no one can witness it without feeling its appeal. "East Lynne," a much inferior play, moved thousands and thousands of theatregoers to tears. Madame X. comes close home to conditions in our feverish life.

Photo Harris and Ewing

BERTHA KALICH

This interesting actress is now appearing at the New Theatre in the title role of a play adapted by Professor Hermann Hagedorn of Harvard, from the work of H. Wiers-Jenssen, called "The Witch." The action is laid in the witchcraft days in New England in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the piece deals with psychology and hypnotism

---

NEW THEATRE. "TWELFTH NIGHT." Comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Produced January 26 with this cast:

Orsino.....Matheson Lang	Fabian.....Henry Stanford
Sebastian.....Laurence Eyre	Feste.....Jacob Wendell, Jr.
Antonio.....Lee Baker	A Priest.....Pedro De Cordoba
A Sea Captain.....Robert Homans	An Officer.....Reginald Barlow
Valentine.....G. F. Hannam-Clark	Another Officer.....Victor Johns
Curio.....Reginald Barlow	Servant to Olivia.....Robert Vivian
Sir Toby Belch.....Louis Calvert	Olivia.....Leah Bateman-Hunter
Sir A. Aguecheek..Ferdinand Gottschalk	Maria.....Jessie Busley
Malvolio.....Oswald Yorke	Viola.....Annie Russell

Into the gracious moods of Elizabethan comedy the stock company at the New Theatre made its second Shakespearian revival with "Twelfth Night." Of course, no expense was spared on the production, which was rich and sumptuous in the extreme. In fact, almost too much so. Everything seemed distressingly new, and even shiny, with its freshness. The stuffs out of which the costumes were made were of the costliest kind, but they seemed heavy and stiff, and freighted down some of the performers by the very weight of their elegance. But mellowness of investiture must depend upon time, and it is not fair to overexact from a management hampered by new and exacting conditions. But in enacting a masterpiece fraught with a veritable weight by traditional detail, something more than a mere and adequate presentation is justifiably expected. From an all around standpoint it was not a satisfying performance. With but one or two exceptions,

and those in minor rôles, there was not a part that had not been better done here time and time again. "Twelfth Night" cannot be adequately rendered if the Viola is lacking in poetry, witchery and a gentle blend of feminine humor and pathos. Miss Annie Russell is a rare artist, but with limitations, and to expect her to equal recollections of Terry, Modjeska and Marlowe, is exacting too much. Nor is Malvolio, that arch egoist, who alternately commands laughter and pity, to be entrusted to an actor of such limited experience as Oswald Yorke. Matheson Lang was somewhat stolid as the lovesick Orsino, while Leah Bateman-Hunter suggested extreme youth, masquerading in the garb of Olivia. Henry Stanford was picturesquely active as Fabian, and Alexander Calvert read Sebastian well. But that he should look or talk like Viola, nature interposed insuperable objections. The comedy scenes were played with spirit and rollicking humor, Jessie Busley in particular romping off with the honors with a performance of Maria that was capital in its sustained expression of animal spirits. Feste, the jester, was played with mercurial zest and plastic grace by Jacob Wendell, Jr., while the bibulous Sir Toby Belch and the arrant Sir Andrew Aguecheek were acted upon safely conventional lines by Louis Calvert and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

EMPIRE. "MID-CHANNEL." Play in four acts by Arthur W. Pinero. Produced January 31. Cast:

Theodore Blundell.....Charles Dalton
Hon. Peter Mottram...H. Reeves Smith
Leonard Ferris.....Eric Maturin
Warren.....Charles Wright
Cole.....Edwin Arnold
Rideout.....A. Romaine Callender
Upholsterers....T. Russell and J. Kelly
Zoe Bundell.....Ethel Barrymore
Mrs. Pierpont.....Phoebe Coyne
Ethel Pierpont.....Louise Rutter
Mrs. Annerly.....Nina Sevening
Lena.....Marianne Thurber

Pinero's new play, "Mid-Channel," is behind nothing he has ever written in the way of analytically and minutely setting forth the conditions of the times and the characters of the people whom he employs in his story. What he sets forth is not pleasing, but it is the truth, and the whole truth. Husband and wife, both pampered with money and with the idle and selfish indulgences of fashionable life, have grown tired of their relationship. There are no children to keep them together, and they are drifting apart. That there were to be no children was a part of their agreement in the beginning. Love is at an end when the action begins. They are constantly quarreling. Neither can do anything to satisfy the other. A mutual friend attempts a reconciliation and gives good advice. His right to do this is accepted by them, and his talk is anything but chatter. It is something after the manner of the French *causeur*, but we do not find Pinero at fault in his art in this. The play derives its title from a passage in some of this talk. Midway in the English Channel there is a reef over which the sea is always troubled. It must be encountered in the passage. In married life the same hidden rocks must be crossed. The wife is sent away to France to travel and regain her composure. The husband remains behind, and becomes entangled with an attractive widow. The wife forms relations with a young man who often visits the house. The husband, by paying a round sum, gets rid of the woman, who has a claim against him, and confesses his offense to his wife. She forgives him. She then confesses her affair, but he will not forgive her. He demands that the young man, who is already engaged to a girl, marry his wife after a divorce is secured. This is agreed to, but the wife, to end all the troubles and the certainty of future discredit and unhappiness, hurls herself from the balcony of the room of the young man at a great height from the street. This would not seem to be an attractive play, but it is true satire, and no better scenes of dialogue and of character are possible. The test of a Pinero play is in the acting, and fortunately we have in Charles Dalton, as the husband, an actor of rare naturalness and intelligence. Ethel Barrymore, it may be safely said, as the wife, for the first time relies much more on a discriminating art than on her personality. Altogether she is extremely agreeable in her work, as distressing as are the circumstances of her mimic life and her dreadful ending by suicide.

Malcolm Gaskell (Charles Richman) Frank Ware (Mary Mannering)
Act II. Frank: "You are the one man in all my life!"

Frank Ware (Mary Mannering) Leonie Brune (Ruth Holt Boucicault)
Act III. Frank: "No! I don't see the resemblance"

SCENES IN RACHEL CROTHERS' PLAY, "A MAN'S WORLD"

COMEDY. "A MAN'S WORLD." Play in four acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced February 8. Cast:

Frank Ware.....Mary Mannering
Leonie Brune.....Ruth Holt Boucicault
Clara Oaks.....Helen Ormsbee
Malcolm Gaskell.....Charles Richman
Fritz Bahn.....John Sainpolis
Wells Trevor.....Arthur Berthelet
Emile Grimeaux.....Ernest Perrin
Kiddie.....Mark Short

Miss Rachel Crothers in her wholesome play, "A Man's

World," proves her case that there should be a single standard of morals as between man and woman. She has a young woman, a literary worker, independent from her own resources, and with convictions on this subject, reject a man whom she loves, the first and only man she has ever loved, because she discovers not only that he believes in the double standard, but that he has acted on it with results that withdraw the discussion concerning it from the abstract. The gist of the story is that this woman, who is known in letters as Frank Ware, has adopted a boy, the child of an unfortunate woman, whom she had come across in Paris, and who had died in her arms. The boy is known as Kiddie, and is the delight of Frank Ware's heart. She associates much with Bohemian artists, among whom gossip soon springs up. It is the opinion of one or two of them that it is her own child. Then suspicion develops into certainty that the father of the child is a prosperous newspaper writer, who is in love with her. One of the Bohemians, a frowzy girl, with whom we are presently going to have much sympathy, has painted a miniature of the boy. As it is passed around, the resemblance of the boy's features to those of the newspaper man are charged and admitted to be pronounced. Frank Ware does not know the name of the father of the child, but when she hears of these suspicions she suddenly asks the man who wishes to marry her if he ever knew a certain woman, naming the mother of the boy. His expression of amazement tells the story. He had not known of the existence of the child. When suspicion rested upon her as to the parentage of the child, she asks him if he would marry her if the child were hers. He hesitates. He would not. She then tells him to go. Possibly this is trying to prove too much in favor of the single standard. At all events it is a little dangerous, for every individual case is not included under the general principle; but that she refuses to marry the man can be approved without hesitation, and can be accepted as a forcible and final argument of propriety in the matter. In its substantial elements the play is true and forceful. Miss Mary Mannering, who has now outgrown mere prettiness in acting, has never played any other part with just the same kind of feeling. It is the best thing she has done. Mr. Richman, as the man of the double standard, is perhaps too brutal in his conception of the part. He surely is unlovable. Perhaps that is an equation, however, that makes the ending of the play all the more satisfactory. Kiddie, the boy, we assume we may say, acted his part intelligently. At all events the stage manager dangled him before the audience with an energy that was not always discreet. Helen Ormsbee, as the girl who paints miniatures, left her impression in this bit of acting.

Sarony

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Arriving at the stage door of the Empire Theatre for a matinée performance of "Mid-Channel"

DALY'S. "THE INFERIOR SEX." Comedy in three acts by Frank Stayton. Produced January 24 with this cast:

Eve Addison	Maxine Elliott
Charles Winslow	Arthur Byron
Bennett	O. B. Clarence
Ah Sin	T. Tamamoto
Officer	Felix Edwardes
Quartermaster	E. F. Meads
Luigi	Frederick Lane
McPherson	George J. Stansbury
Barton	Thomas Braidon

In these days when there are so many more stars and playhouses than plays, and so many more plays than ideas, perhaps the most we can reasonably expect is that charming and popular comediennes like Maxine Elliott be sent regularly to the dramatic man-milliner and fitted out with something modish in which to make their public appearance for the season. "The Inferior Sex," by Frank Stayton, an English author, is rather a clever little makeshift. It offers some ideal conditions for Miss Elliott, the only woman in the piece, who runs through the three breezy

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FRANK MOULAN, AS SIMPLICITAS, AND CHORUS IN "THE ARCADIANS" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

acts (all on board a yacht in mid-ocean) in a ripple of arch comedy and piquant repartee. Arthur Byron plays up to her with spirit and discretion; and Mr. O. B. Clarence helps notably as a new kind of sea-going English valet. This trio make up practically the entirety of the so-called farce-comedy, which in its absurdly infantile air of "make-believe" disarms serious criticism.

Charles Winslow, a rich misogynist, who owns a yacht which he does not know how to run, sails alone on a long cruise to complete his great work exposing the fraud of femininity, entitled "The Inferior Sex." Somewhere off the Sicily Islands, floating about in an open boat, is picked up the beauteous heroine, who jauntily undertakes to convert the woman-hater and to "queer" his book inside a week. He behaves like a boor, just on principle. She meets him half-way, in the same spirit. Then she gets up a "Treasure Island" mutiny among the crew, just by way of a joke. It turns serious, even to the shooting and knifing stage. The fair disturber is taken off the yacht by an ocean liner, but she has won her bet—Winslow has thrown his manuscript overboard, and begged the lady of the sea to become his bride. He is to have his answer at the Ladies' Athenæum Club, London, as soon as they can both get back there.

Miss Elliott has a few bright epigrams, such as: "Oh, the modern woman is never homesick—she is sick of home." The *mise-en-scene* is more convincingly nautical than anything else about this foolish little frivolity, but there is no question about the play's success.

LYCEUM. "MRS. DOT." Comedy in three acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced January 24 with this cast:

Mrs. Worthley	Billie Burke
Freddie Perkins	Basil Hallam
Miss Eliza Macgregor	Kate Meek
Gerald Halstane	Julian L'Estrange
James Blenkinsop	Fred Kerr
Lady Sellenger	Annie Esmond
Nellie Sellenger	Annie Meredith
Charles	A. Lionel Hogarth
Mr. Wright	Edgar MacGregor
Mr. Rixon	Ernest Cossart
George	P. E. McCoy
Farren	Mildred Barrett

ROBERT PATON GIBBS AS NOEL IN "MADAME X"

Some few artistic individualities thrive and blossom out under the prevailing régime of star-forcing by means of tailor-made plays. This condition is fulfilled by the appearance of Miss Billie Burke in the latest comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, entitled "Mrs. Dot." The very large class of playgoers who still look to the theatre for polite persiflage and entertainment that is bright, refined and clever without being "high-browed," must be glad that Charles Frohman caught Miss Burke so young and combined with an up-to-date playwright for her exploitation.

Mrs. Dot is the most dainty and piquante of young widows. Her late husband was a brewer and left her a dangerously large fortune, considering her vivacious character and personal attractions. But she shows excellent tact and judgment in setting her second matrimonial cap for Gerald Halstane, one of those social soldiers of fortune, an English younger son of good family. It is no secret that she and Gerald are in love with each other, nor does he keep back the fact that in an unguarded moonlight moment he has committed himself to a matrimonial engagement with Miss Nellie, the daughter of Lady Sellenger. This engagement he cannot honorably break, unless the girl and her mamma do so first—and they are not likely to, because at the critical moment Gerald has suddenly come into the family title and estate. "I'll win him yet!" vows the lively Mrs. Dot, and you don't for a moment doubt that she will. But how? By one of the best comedy devices known — finding another match for Nellie, while she herself enters into a flirtation compact with the reluctant Blenkinsopp, a bachelor friend of Gerald's, most delightfully played by Mr. Fred Kerr. Result: Nellie elopes with Freddie Perkins, and Gerald Halstane gratefully comes back to eat out of Mrs. Dot's pretty little hand. A veritable charlotte russe of a modern comedietta!

(*Continued on page vi*)

Creating the Rôle of Madame X

VOYAGING across seas, visiting again and again a hospital which is like Bellevue in New York, a bleak, last shore, upon which human débris has hopelessly drifted, translating a dull medical treatise on "The Ether Subject," calling upon Paris physicians who had no time to spare for the enlightenment of an American actress, shopping on the East Side, rehearsing a death scene under the stage direction of a New York physician who has seen thousands die — these with other and minor things constituted Dorothy Donnelly's preparation for playing the rôle of Madame X.

Miss Donnelly, drawing wide streaks of brown along the tendons of her youthful neck, to make it look old, talked of the toil that had preceded her first, tremendously successful appearance in Bisson's melodrama.

"I got the script the middle of June," she said. "I shed buckets of tears over it. Everybody who heard it cried over it. I read it one night to my family. We all wept. My first work upon it was to read an act a day. Not the same act day after day, but the acts consecutively, reading the play in a rotary way. I did this for a month, and gradually the woman took form. Then I went abroad to study her. There are so many of her type in Paris, her various types from the beginning of her downward course to the end. I went about where I would see the déclassée women, to that grade of theatres where they congregate, and to the cafés where they drink their absinthe. I visited the Salpetrière Hospital four times. The Salpetrière is like our Bellevue, only much larger, four times as large, I should say. There were so many of these women at the Salpetrière. They all seemed utterly indifferent to their fate. Every word and act of theirs showed that they had reached the stage where nothing in the world mattered. Their faces were dull. The life had gone out of their voices. They didn't care. I had no right to intrude upon their misery. But I made the rounds with the doctors and the doctors talked to them.

White

DOROTHY DONNELLY AS MADAME X

"I went through the hospital four times, noting their manner, their dress, their tones. I saw no woman at the hospital nor anywhere else of whom I made an exact copy, but I got hints here and there. Indications geologists would call them. I worked them up. You know how it is in writing a story. You get the facts, then build upon them. I got a work on the ether habit and read it in the French. Having read it, I studied it. I went about to places frequented by social outcasts—to the Folies Bergère, to the Bal Tabarin, to the Moulin Rouge, to Maxim's and to Montmartre. I went to see French doctors who knew about the ether and absinthe victims. They didn't want to bother with me. If I had been a doctor they might have been willing, but an American actress? 'Oh, no!' Still they had to be nice to me, because I had such good letters of introduction, and I got at least some angles of view from them.

"I returned to New York in August. Here I found a physician who allowed me to rehearse the death scene with him. He had seen persons die from heart failure. That is what killed Mme. X. The weakness caused by her habit of ether taking, and the shock of seeing her son after twenty years of absence, killed her. That shallowness of breath is one of the characteristics. I learned that and the peculiar death rattle from my medical stage director. My clothes reveal the woman, don't they? I notice that all these women care for is the tawdry in dress. They don't dress quietly as gentlewomen do. Their aim is always to attract attention. So I put a red ribbon around Mme. X's neck. I placed it high up to hide the signs of age. Their necks get ropey, you know, and they all try to hide it. On the queer old hat that I bought at the end of the season in a Sixth Avenue department store for thirty-one cents, I put a few cheap red roses. I did this to carry out the note of red, and again to be consistent in trying to attract attention. The old calico sack and the skirt I bought in Division Street. The shoes"— Miss Donnelly laughed and thrust her badly shod feet in front of her. The shoes were burst in several places. The heels were run down and crooked. So many months had it been since they had had acquaintance with polish that they were gray as the coat of a hoary rat. "They are the shoes I wore in 'Candida.' Being Irish makes me superstitious, I suppose. I felt that having worn them in one success, I should like to wear them in another. Besides it would have been hard to find more disreputable ones anywhere. My wig was made on purpose, and we keep it so unkempt looking by giving it no attention at all.

"One mannerism I noticed in the victims of the ether and absinthe habits, and it is true of opium victims, is that they almost continually rub their heads. Their heads hurt them.

"The relaxed cheeks, as though the muscles had sagged, I get without makeup, by opening my mouth slightly. In the same way I get the droop effect of the corners of the mouth.

"Summed up though, I think it was imagination helped me most with the part. I imagined the state of this woman. I think myself into her state. I think myself with flabby cheeks and drooping lips, and my cheeks sag, and my lips droop quite naturally."

71ST REGIMENT ARMORY AT 34TH STREET AND 4TH AVENUE, WHERE THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR WILL BE HELD, FROM MAY 9 TO MAY 14

Preparing for the Big Actors' Fund Fair

JULIA MARLOWE

BEGINNING on May 9 next and lasting for five days, a great fair will be held in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, this city, in aid of the Actors' Fund of America. It promises to be the greatest charity bazaar ever held, and to even surpass in attractions and interest the first great fair held some eighteen years ago at the Madison Square Garden, which proved one of the most successful undertakings ever seen in this country. Both Federal and State official recognition have been given to the enterprise. Governor Hughes has placed the magnificent armory at Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue at the disposition of the managers, and President Taft will come expressly from Washington to declare the fair open. Distinguished authors, sculptors, decorators, will cooperate to make it a success, and over 4,000 stage folk—actors, actresses, managers and vaudeville artists have likewise volunteered their services.

MARY MANNERING

It is hardly necessary to recount here the splendid charitable work done by the Actors' Fund. "There is no one more pitiable than the aged and infirm player, who is wholly unfitted by training for any other vocation than the one he so eagerly and enthusiastically adopted in his youth," recently said Daniel Frohman, president of the Fund. "Nor is it his fault that he is stranded. The actor's profession is precarious, more so than any other. The expenses of travel are heavy, the engagements uncertain; the failures many. It is the realization of this that stirs such widespread sympathy for our charity, and makes the theatrical people so quick to aid those in their profession. Nowhere is there a more generous people than the stage folk. They are the first to respond to calls for assistance during great calamities, but when one of them needs help, he must always come to his own profession."

ETHEL BARRYMORE

"We have gained not only the assistance of President Taft," said Charles Burnham, general manager of the fair, "but scores of the most prominent men and women in New York. We hope to raise $200,000, and we need every cent of it for the great charitable scheme now under way, for the relief of sick and needy members of the theatrical profession."

Mr. Chester Beach, the well-known sculptor, has been commissioned by Archer M. Huntington, president of the American Numismatic Society, to make a gold medal for President Taft in honor of the occasion. It will be presented immediately after the opening address, by a committee of twelve of the leading actresses in the country. From the same design as the

(*Continued on page xvii*)

NORA BAYES

DOROTHY DONNELLY

Scenes in Pinero's New Play "Mid-Channel" at the Empire

Copyright Charles Frohman

Zoe Bundell (Ethel Barrymore) Theodore Bundell (Charles Dalton)

ACT 1. ZOE: "HOW DID I LEARN MY DAMNED SLANG, PRAY?"

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Hon. Peter Mottram (H. Reeves Smith) Zoe Bundell (Ethel Barrymore)

ACT II. "AH, DROP IT, PETER! DROP IT!"

Copyright Charles Frohman Leonard Ferris (Eric Maturin) Zoe Bundell (Ethel Barrymore)

ACT IV. ZOE: "WELL, I'LL GO BACK TO THAT BIG EMPTY HOUSE"

GERVILLE-REACHE AS KLYTEMNESTRA KLYTEMNESTRA DEFYING ELEKTRA MME. MAZARIN AS ELEKTRA

Richard Strauss' "Elektra" an Operatic Sensation

THANKS to the enterprise and daring of Oscar Hammerstein and to the bravery of his singers, New York has seen and heard—principally the latter—"Elektra." And it would be just as well to admit right here that in the matter of sensation the production of Dr. Richard Strauss' latest work at the Manhattan Opera House is the feature of the present operatic season. It is very unlikely that, as the opera season is more than half spent, any other work will be flashed at the public that will vie with "Elektra" for its qualities of sensation. Hence it can safely be assumed that the operatic climax of the winter has been met and passed.

The book of "Elektra" is not a case of when Greek meets Greek, but of when Greek meets German. Without wishing in the least to appear to mount the rostrum and play the part of the schoolmaster in print, the writer simply desires to remind the patient reader that no less than three mighty Greeks laid pens on this subject—namely, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. But the present modern version was made by Hugo von Hoffmansthal, who fashioned this story into a play for the modern German stage, leaning chiefly upon the Sophocles version of the tragedy. This was finely Englished by Arthur Symonds, and played right here in our midst by Mrs. Patrick Campbell two years or so ago. Strauss has taken von Hoffmansthal's play for his libretto, making some necessary changes in it. At the Manhattan the work was sung in French, the translation of Gauthier Villar being used. The first performance of the Strauss work on any stage occurred at the Dresden Royal Opera House—the Strauss arena—about a year ago. The first performance in America occurred at the Manhattan Opera House on February 1, 1910. Let this be enough of "schoolmastering."

Revenge is the theme of Richard Strauss' "Elektra." Its music is wonderful, brilliant, noisy, skilful and, alas, dreary—all in one. It takes about an hour and three-quarters to produce—one uninterrupted act with but a single scenic picture.

Briefly, its story is an unceasing cry for revenge on the part of Elektra. Her father, Agamemnon, has been slain by her mother, Klytemnestra, and the latter's paramour, Aegisthus. The brother, Orestes, has been banished from the castle. Between waiting for Orestes, loathing her mother and despising the latter's lover, endeavoring to lash the soul of the sister, Chrystothemis, into revengeful fury—between all these emotions Elektra turns into a mad creature. She slinks about the castle in rags, her eyes wild and her very soul aflame with revenge. She digs in the courtyard of the castle to find the axe which slew her father—she digs like some dog seeking a buried bone, casting mad glances about. She thirsts for the blood of her mother and of Aegisthus. She cannot rouse her sister to action, and news is brought that Orestes is dead.

Then she decides to do the bloody deed by herself. At that moment one of the messengers bearing news of Orestes' death reveals himself to her. He is Orestes, disguised. She is beside herself with joy, and urges him to do the murder that he is so

ready to accomplish. He goes into the castle. Some blows and shrieks are heard, and we know that Orestes has killed his mother. Then Aegisthus enters the courtyard. Elektra receives him and lights him into the castle. At one of the windows we see him attacked by Orestes. The two struggle, Aegisthus crying for help while Orestes rains blows upon him. The picture of the fight is reviewed at another window, and finally all is still.

Then we know that Orestes has fulfilled his mission. Elektra is beside herself with joy. She begins to dance—mad, quite mad. Her pleasure can find no other expression. She calls upon the others to dance with her. She swirls about in wild gyrations. Then she falls in a heap, while Chrystothemis calls in heartbreaking tones for her brother, Orestes.

That is the tale which has inspired Richard Strauss, greatest and most daring of modern opera composers. He has written a score which simply drips cacophony. So much was to be expected by any reasoning ears that had survived his "Salome." It is tremendously difficult, of course. It calls for an orchestra of about one hundred and fifteen players. It pays absolutely no heed at all to the human voice in that the latter has no chance of being heard when pitted against this volume of sound; and, furthermore, the demands of endurance are almost superhuman. The chief feeling at witnessing the Manhattan performance of this work is not "How wonderful" or "how effective"—but is "how can any human being endure the strain of singing and acting the title rôle?"

Copyright Mishkin

M. HUBERDEAU AS ORESTES AND MME. MAZARIN AS ELEKTRA

Compared with "Salome" there are few themes in "Elektra." Wise men who propound text-books on the subject of the latter music drama would have us believe that there are more than forty. Perhaps there are. But many are so raggedly brief and so meaningless to the more virtuous ear that they are lost in the welter of sound and noise. But a few themes stand out—hardly more than five, and they are rather frequently repeated.

The chief fault with "Elektra"—music and libretto—is that it is extremely dreary for long, long stretches. The music sounds, for page after page, as though Strauss had been utterly unmoved by the dramatic scheme, and had simply filled his score with notes in discordant combinations. But from the moment when Orestes steps upon the scene the work sounds a new note of interest. The listener, who has frankly been wearied by about an hour of speeches between Elektra and her mother, and Elektra and her sister, now feels himself being gripped as in a vise of interest. Higher and higher does the interest soar. In this meeting between brother and sister there are patches of the former Richard Strauss, moments of melodic beauty enhanced by wonderful orchestration. Then, too, the action begins to speed. And it seems but a brief moment to the end—so crowded with vitality are these pages of the score. Here is Strauss the magician of the theatre again, lashing his listeners into emotional excitement. The thrills again pursue their "Salome" course down one's spine, and the hearer feels repaid for the tedium of the first hour.

But, unlike "Salome," this newer work does not much invite repeated hearings. It is lacking in contrasting episodes. In "Salome" there are the incidents of the sentimental Narraboth, the entrance of the Princess Salome, the appearance of the prophet, the storming out of the castle of Herod in pursuit of Salome—and numberless other episodes all culminating in the dance of Salome and the slaughter of the prophet; and, for the close, the famous episode of the head—which, unlovely as it may be, is dramatically and musically wonderful. These opportunities for variety do not exist in "Elektra."

Nor has the latter work a single really sensational feature, such as the dance that will never cease to attract the public. In fact, after the Manhattan première the word upon everyone's lips was not Strauss, nor was it Elektra. It was Mazarin. This dramatic soprano, Mariette Mazarin, had given a performance in the title rôle that left everyone gasping. She was a demented thing. Her eyes snapped, her lips curled away from her teeth—she was the incarnation of revenge. Even the wonderful meeting with Orestes is tinged by it. She is obsessed by it—at least so it seemed. It was an absolutely convincing bit of work, one that earned for her highest praise as a dramatic, realistic actress. She fainted that night in taking curtain calls—the result of strain, for she had sung this music through entirely at two full rehearsals on consecutive days, and then the performance itself on the third day running. She was the feature of the whole production—the one sensational point in the evening. Huberdeau was excellent as Orestes, but it is comparatively a small rôle—so is Chrystothemis, sung and acted fairly, only fairly, well by Alice Baron. Gerville-Réache, as Klytemnestra was vocally capable, but it is a rôle out of which it would seem to be next to impossible to extract much sympathy. Duffault sang the rather unimportant part of Aegisthus acceptably. De La Fuente conducted the big orchestra and indulged in frequent gentleness of interpretation, so much so that some of the music surely was robbed of the bold characteristics planned by the composer.

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Delna Meets with Triumph in America

"OH, how I like America!" cried Mme. Delna, *"Notre Delna Nationale,"* they style her in Paris. The exclamation uttered enthusiastically was entirely unsolicited. It was not at all the stock reply to the stock question. It came in reply to a question as to whether the great contralto had as yet had time to see anything of the American metropolis.

"No, I have seen but little, almost nothing, but I like it," she went on, part of the time in English, which she speaks well, although this she disclaims modestly, part of the time in French. "I like the life here, the atmosphere, the sense of motion. *On brule ici*, and it is this that pleases me. I love to be always on the move, alert. Oh, in Paris we are a century behind you, at least in the practical things of life! How advanced this country is!"

Delna is below medium height, with a mobile, attractive face, lit up by fascinating dark eyes. The features are not regular, but very pleasing, and there is a whole-souled, sincere expression about the entire personality. Simply dressed in black, a fur stole over her shoulders, testified to the great artist's sensitiveness to cold, for although the temperature was not low, there was a chill in the air which seemed to forebode snow. There is nothing chilling or forbidding about the singer, nor is she consumed with that egotism which afflicts many who have been such great favorites with the public. A charming smile of pride lit up her face as she showed the portrait of a dainty, beautiful child, her little five-year-old daughter, Marie Genevieve. Little Marie speaks English as well as French, her proud mother assured me, even while she disclaimed any compliments for herself. But a friend assured me that Mme. Delna has a great facility for acquiring languages.

Davis & Eickemeyer

MME. MARIE DELNA

Famous French contralto who recently made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House

A knock at the door interrupted us for a moment. Delna went to open it herself, and returned with a good-sized parcel, which she deposited on the floor.

"Do you know what that is?" she asked gaily. "American music for that wonderful automatic piano. I love it," and she pointed to an Angelus, which stood in her drawing-room at the Hotel Knickerbocker. "It is my delight. But they sent me all classical music, Chopin, etc., so I begged them to send me all American pieces, and here they are—two-steps, ragtime—I want to play only them while I am here. They are so lively."

Delna's husband, M. Prier de Saone, who accompanied her on this her first visit to America, and who speaks English like an Englishman, although Parisian, agreed heartily with his wife in praise of American music. "It is impossible to feel blue when one hears these tunes," he declared. "And the Sousa marches, how spirited they are! The first time we heard Sousa and his band was in Brussels, where Madame was singing at the time of our marriage. The Belgians went wild over him, you know."

Many and marvelous have been the published stories of Delna's childhood and girlhood. With a shrug and smile, the singer dismissed them as pure inventions. She made her début at the age of seventeen at the Opéra Comique, Paris, and remained there for five years, leaving to go to the Opéra for three years, and then returned to the former theatre for two years more. In 1902 she married and left the stage at her husband's wish.

"I did not want my wife to sing in public any more," remarked M. de Saone, "and she remained off the stage to please me for five years. But I realized then that I could not keep her off any longer—she belonged there." Delna smiled agreement. "I did not wish her to return to the Opéra Comique, however, for obvious reasons."

The difficulty was solved by the urgent offers made Mme. Delna by the then new proprietors of the Théâtre de la Gaiété, where she has remained ever since. At first they gave what is known in Paris as Opéra Comique, namely, works with spoken dialogue; later these have been eliminated, and only the works which may, strictly speaking, be styled grand opera, are included in their repertoire. At this theatre Mme. Delna is the acknowledged star, and treated as such.

"I am delighted with the Metropolitan Opera House," resumed Mme. Delna. (At the time of this interview she had not yet made

her début.) "The auditorium is most imposing, and so delightful to sing in. The faintest sound can be heard. I found Mr. Toscanini everything that was charming, he was most courteous and kind to me, and there might have been considerable trouble, for we found that we had quite different scores of the Glück opera. The chorus is admirable. I have never in my life heard so good a one." (The other artists of the cast had not then rehearsed with Delna. She asked several questions about Mme. Gadski, the Eurydice, and was distressed to learn that the latter was considerably taller than she herself. "I am afraid in that case I shall look like her son," said she distressedly.)

M. de Saone attended the last performance of "Orfeo" at which Mme. Homer sang, the day after their arrival in this city.

"I told my wife after hearing that performance — she did not accompany me, she will risk nothing before a début — that now for the first time she would sing with a really great orchestra under a great director — I think Mr. Toscanini is at the very top of them —with great artists and with an admirable chorus, and that I was sure she would be delighted," said he. "Now you see that she is quite as enthusiastic as I."

"Then you are not sorry that you braved the ocean and came to us?" asked the interviewer.

"Sorry? No, indeed, I am very glad, and now I shall never be afraid of the ocean again, for I feel sure I could not have a worse trip." (Madame Delna crossed in one of the worst storms experienced in years.) "The captain said we had the worst weather in ten years, but afterward someone told me that he always says that. At any rate, it was not half so bad as crossing the English Channel; I was not nearly so ill. Never shall I forget the Channel."

This crossing was at the time of Delna's first and only visit to London, when at Covent Garden she created the leading soprano rôle in Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," the year after her début at the Opéra Comique, when she was but eighteen years old. Her success there was as great as in Brussels, in critical Milan, where she sang "Orfeo" and Delilah in the Saint-Säens opera at the Teatro Lirico, and in Lisbon.

"L'Attaque du Moulin," in which New York will have already heard Delna when this article appears, is one of her favorite operas, although she admits that it is almost too brutal to be popular with the average audience. Still it is so intensely dramatic that she thoroughly enjoys appearing in it. One fact which makes its great popularity in France practically impossible is the theme, an incident of the Franco-Prussian War, and in which the most sympathetic character in the opera is shot down by the Prussian soldiers. The theme seems an odd one for a French composer to have chosen.

Reutlinger MME. DELNA IN "L'ATTAQUE DU MOULIN" AT THE NEW THEATRE

"In rehearsing the opera here I made an odd discovery," remarked the contralto. "One of the chorus men was actually a soldier in the German army during the war of 1870. You may imagine with what fervor he will sing his music and act in this work, in which he appears on the stage in his former true capacity. Other operas in which I expect to appear here this season are 'Le Prophète,' sung in French; 'La Favorita,' which I will sing in Italian, and also in the latter language in 'La Gioconda.' A great favorite of mine is Godard's 'La Vivandière,' and I hope I may sing that here some day. I shall also appear in 'Werther.' It is really for mezzo-soprano, but I sing it just the same," she laughed. "And you know I have sung Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni.' My rôle in Berlioz's 'Les Troyens,' another favorite opera of mine, lies very high, but my voice is of extensive range."

"There was considerable discussion as to what my wife's voice really was when first she studied," remarked M. de Saone. "When she sang for Rosine Laborde, the famous artist and teacher, was asked: 'What is her voice, a soprano?' Laborde shook her head. 'A mezzo-soprano?' Again a shake of the head. 'A contralto?' Still another shake of the head.' 'What then is it?' 'It is the Delna voice,' replied Mme. Laborde. 'The voice of Delna, just that.'"

From *Femina*

EDMOND ROSTAND

Edmond Rostand and "Chantecler"

EDMOND ROSTAND'S long waited for and extraordinary play of barnyard life, "Chantecler," after innumerable postponements and delays, was finally presented before a special audience at the Porte Saint-Martin, Paris, on the evening of February 6 last. According to cable reports the piece scored a success of curiosity only. The New York *Times'* correspondent says it was received with polite applause, but chiefly in recognition of its poetic and spectacular qualities. It is declared to be lacking in dramatic interest and full of interminable speeches, and that of the simulation of animals the illusion produced was at once too faithful and not faithful enough. The stage pictures, however, which are on a tremendous scale of proportion, are said to be truly superb. The final climax, when "Chantecler" discovers that he cannot cause the sun to rise, is declared to be entirely devoid of tragic reality.

Edmond Rostand is a genius of the uncompromising, all-or-nothing type. He is a Don Quixote of the ideal. Once an inspiration takes hold of him, it becomes a frenzy and a passion. He pursues it with a reckless fanatical zeal that seems more medieval than modern; and when his work, be it poem, play, or academic address, is finally given to the world, we may rest assured that he has exhausted the possibilities of that particular theme, and produced a masterpiece, individual and unique. Thus, "Les Romanesques" is a comedietta of immemorial classic charm, "La Princesse Lointaine" a poetic play of unrivalled lyric and mystical beauty, and "L'Aiglon" an exalted heroic drama of old-time epic thrill. As for "Cyrano de Bergerac," it is a romantic chef d'œuvre for whose overwhelming triumph no precedent can be found short of Victor Hugo's "Hernani."

From *Femina*

MME. SIMONE LE BARGY AS THE HEN PHEASANT

Now it is "Le Chantecler," the lordly Cock, or "Rooster" of Yankeeland, which has drawn M. Rostand's dramatic fire. Upon this feathered Cyrano of the farmyard the poet has wreaked all his energy, art and enthusiasm, with characteristic abandon, during the past six, if not seven, years. But inasmuch as "Chantecler" was completed fully five years ago, and after many false starts cast and rehearsed in 1908 with the great Coquelin in the rôle of the protagonist fowl, only to be postponed again and again by death, disasters and disputes, it is but fair to say that the $200,000 paid out in advance by eager Parisians for

tickets for the première at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre was pretty much the same as though invested in a lottery.

The managerial announcement stated that "The production of 'Chantecler' has come to be regarded as an event of national importance." It has been so regarded for several years past, and the interest in the affair is now international. "Sweet are the uses of advertisement," some commentators have not scrupled to remark. Yet such an insinuation doubtless does the poet grievous wrong. It is not his fault if the very elements have conspired to confound his plans and try his philosophy—as witness the recent devastations by flood. Meanwhile, Rostand's own account of the genesis and the subsequent adventures of "Chantecler" is full of piquant interest.

Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin
LOCATION
Deux PLACES
Fauteuils d'Orchestre
N° 208 et 210 1ère Rm de "Chantecler"
Prix ..... 200 f.
Droit des pauvres ..... 20 .
Reçu ..... 220 f.
Les Billets pris en Location ne sont ni repris ni

From *Comaedia*
Ticket issued for the first performance of "Chantecler" entitling the holder to two orchestra seats at $22 apiece

"It was in 1901 or 1902," he says, "whilst enjoying a country walk in the neighborhood of Cambo, that I came upon a farmyard scene—ordinary enough, perhaps, with its geese and pigeons, its chickens and guinea-fowl scratching about, dog prowling and cat dozing in the sunshine. Suddenly a cock crowed, and came strutting upon the scene. What a proud, swaggering entrance he made—like a bravo of the olden time, dauntless and domineering, ready for any adventure at hand, from gallantry to combat and slaughter—a king amongst his subjects.

Rostand feeding his chickens

MME. ROSTAND

Where "Chantecler" was written

"In an instant, in a flash, I saw my drama. It was not a thought that arose in my mind, but a vision that seized upon my imagination—not the idea of a lot of men masquerading as birds and animals, but a veritable stage reproduction of what was actually before my eyes, and the sensations it awoke within me. I felt the inspiration of a play in which these creatures should be the dramatis personæ, moving amidst a setting which should be a real presentiment of this rustic scene.

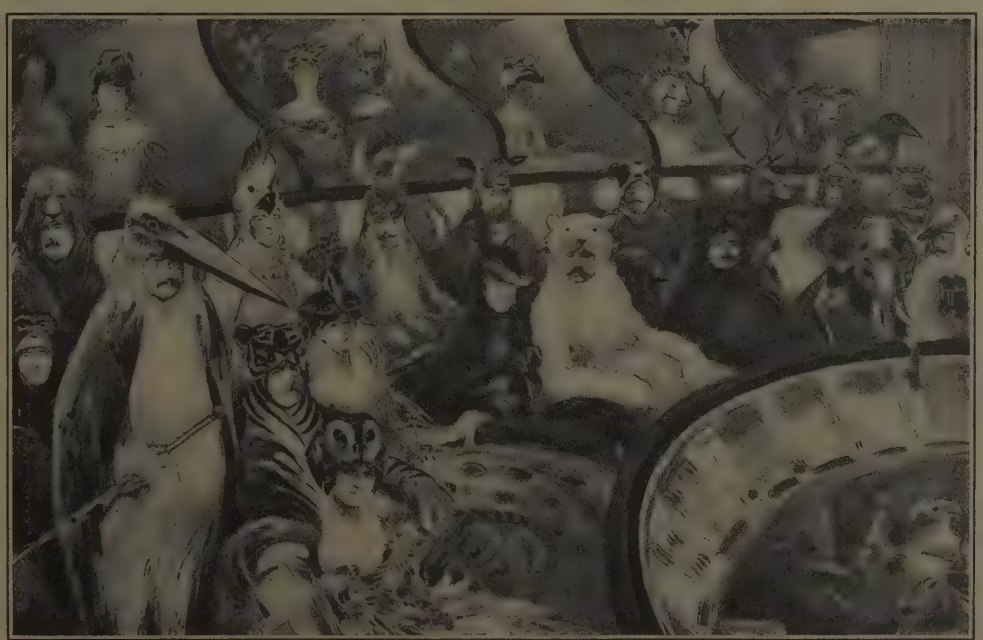
"The vision obsessed me, and a scenario rapidly shaped itself in my brain, absorbing to itself various ideas belonging to other nebulous projects I had in mind at the moment—Don Quixote, Polichinelle, and what not.

"So, in no time at all, 'Le Chantecler' was blocked out, though it was a year or more before I put pen to paper in the detailed writing of it. First of all, I must consult Coquelin—Coquelin, the very incarnation of my superb, joyous, heroic, aggressive, arrogant, noisy, principal character as I had conceived him, carrying his crest high like the plume of Cyrano.

"'Coquelin, mon vieux,' said I, 'how would you like to play a rôle without facial expression, without hands, arms or gestures, and tricked out in the plumage of a bird? In short, how would you like to play a straight rooster?'

"I shall never forget the look poor Coquelin gave me. It was as though I had struck him a sudden blow in the stomach. But after the first shock he pulled himself together, and listened to my exposure of the idea with a growing interest that presently became enthusiasm. When he went back to Paris, from that visit, he was Chantecler himself."

This was in June, 1903, and Rostand had roughly sketched and planned two of his four acts. He now set about studying fowls, and took up a course of reading of the medieval plays founded on the legendary romances of


From *La Vie Heureuse*
A REHEARSAL OF "CHANTECLER" AT THE PORTE SAINT-MARTIN THEATRE

Renard the Fox and the "Noble," or Lion, in which dialogues are carried on between animals, though the actors did not costume the parts in character. No allusion is made to the ancient Greek comedy of Aristophanes, the "Birds," which some critics have cited as a possible prototype of Rostand's work. But in truth there is little or no kinship between the two. Aristophanes mixes up birds in parley with gods and men merely in order to get, for purposes of satire, a comic "bird's-eye" view of humanity. Rostand gives a human interpretation of the birds.

Rostand, meanwhile, continued to work with unswerving fidelity, and in January, 1904, declared his piece practically completed. But it was not publicly announced for production until December. The author wished to let his manuscript repose and "ripen" during a period of painstaking elaboration and elimination. Then domestic affliction intervened. During a year or more the poet and his wife were by turns invalid and nurse. A nervous breakdown ensued. It was not until January, 1906, that the casting of "Le Chantecler" was begun, with the engagement of Madame Simone le Bargy for the principal female rôle, that of the Hen Pheasant.

Coquelin, with all his eagerness, was unable to get the company together for rehearsals, or to have work started on the scenery and "costumes" until midsummer, 1907. Then a grave relapse again prostrated Rostand, an operation was required, and another year dragged by in tedious convalescence.

Finally, in October, 1908, the poet was on his feet again, with renewed energy, ready to resume the rehearsals where they had been interrupted. New dates were made with Coquelin, and everybody concerned in the production resolved to "do or die." Alas! it was poor Coquelin's fires that now burned low. On January 27, 1909, the great comedian passed away, with his part of the Chantecler clutched in his dying hand.

It was a staggering blow; but the enterprise had now gained an impetus which nothing could check. M. Lucien Guitry was engaged for the title rôle, and the final rehearsals were begun at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre in September last.

This was the beginning of a new chapter of difficulties, unprecedented and well-nigh insurmountable, and which would be farcical in the extreme if everybody were not working strenuously, in deadly earnest. Rostand as stage manager is a merciless martinet, and insists upon putting his menagerie of players through their paces in most realistic fashion.

Guitry, as a giant rooster seven feet high, stalks about the stage in a papier-maché straight-jacket, with his arms pinned down to his sides by practicable wings, and his legs—which are by no means slim—encased in scaly tights with feathers and spurs on. The tail alone weighs twenty-seven pounds. Rostand tried hard to fix a beak over his mouth and chin, with a movable lower mandible to be worked by a string. The actor balked at this, however, so a compromise was effected by making the beak simply a prolongation of the human nose.

Pretty Mme. le Bargy—who has recently been married to M. Casimir-Périer, son of the late President of the Republic—is similarly handicapped as the Hen Pheasant heroine. Her young husband wanted to know how her love passages with the Chantecler were going to be managed. "Oh," replied Guitry, reassuringly, "we shall simply rub beaks together."

The fight with an American cock, called for in one of the scenes, is a more difficult matter, especially as Rostand is satisfied with nothing less than truly rooster-like leaps in the air, and vicious digs with the spurs.

Jean Coquelin, son of the late elder Coquelin, has had his own troubles with the part of the Dog. Finding it impossible to deliver his lines while running about on all fours, the experiment was tried of building out a pair of dummy hind-quarters of cardboard, with the actor standing partially erect and using his own legs as forepaws. The result was a fantastic hybrid that bore no canine resemblance whatsoever. Then it was settled that Doggie should go most of the time on his hind legs, like the faithful St. Bernard "Nurse" of Peter Pan.

As for the conscientious impersonator of the Magpie, Paris journalists declare that he goes hopping along the boulevards with both feet together, and steals silver spoons and jewelry in his sleep.

The distribution of the principal rôles of "Chantecler," as at latest accounts fixed, is as follows: Chantecler, M. Guitry; Hen Pheasant, Mme. Simone le Bargy; Magpie, M. Galipaux; Peacock, Pierre Magnier; Guinea Fowl, Augustine Leriche; American Cock, Aurelius Sidney; Nightingale, Mlle. Mellot; Dog, Jean Coquelin. There are also many Hens of various breeds, a Capon, Turkey Hen and Gobbler, Duck, Drake, Owl and Owlets, Pigeons, Chicks, Butterflies, and Cat.

In view of the very large number of professional supernumeraries, at advanced union rates, required to serve as figurantes in the opening barnyard scene, M. Hertz, manager of the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, decided to accept the services of certain amateurs and boulevardiers who offered to take these mute parts of chickens, ducks and pigeons without compensation, or even to pay for the privilege. It is said that M. Rostand himself would have liked to "come on" in this guise at the première, but found the difficulties of the papier-maché costume too much for him, and decided to "hold himself aloof," and await the verdict with such philosophy as he could muster.

Through the indiscretion of one or two minor persons in the cast, a few scraps of alleged dialogue from "Chantecler," together with the Owl's lugubrious nocturne, have gotten into print in Paris and elsewhere. But inasmuch as M. Rostand indignantly repudiates these unauthorized fragments, and has instituted legal prosecution against the newspapers that have published them, they need not detain us here. The complete text of the play will shortly be released. Meanwhile, the following brief synopsis is of interest:

Act first shows a farmyard at early morning, with domestic fowls and animals clattering about, all under domination of

(*Continued on page xiv*)

To Lotta Faust

DIED JANUARY 25, 1910

The rippling music dies away,
Dimmed is the mellow light.
It is the ending of the play;
Sweet Pierrette, good-night!

She was so very young to die,
To wing that lonely flight;
Give Pierrette a tear, a sigh—
Poor Pierrette, good-night!

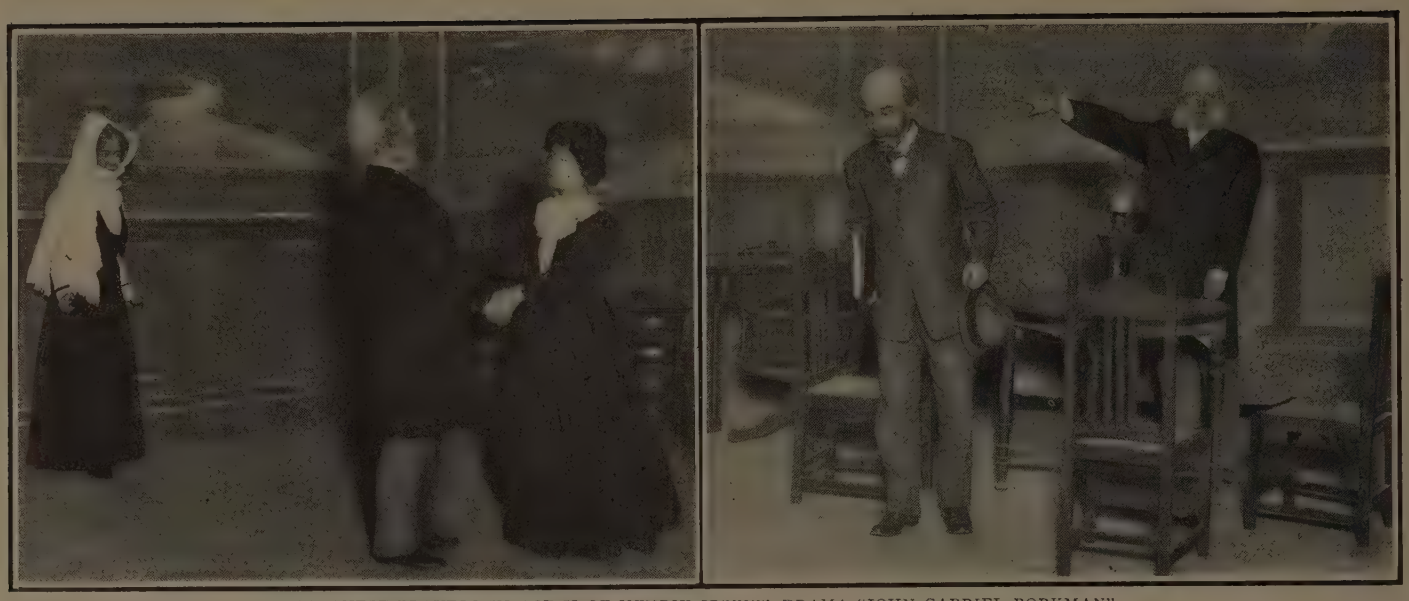
The little feet that grew so tired,
The laugh that held delight,
The joyous spirit that aspired—
Rest, Pierrette—good-night!

How short the way, how brief the day,
When Death came with his blight;
She met him with a song, they say—
Brave Pierrette—good-night!

—ANNE PEACOCK.

Henry Miller as Ulrich Jessie Bonstelle as Rhoda

SCENE IN WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S NEW PLAY "THE FAITH HEALER" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE SAVOY THEATRE



JAPANESE PLAYERS IN ACT II OF HENRIK IBSEN'S DRAMA "JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN"

Ibsen Acted in Japan by Japanese Players

THE following article, written in English, by Mr. Yone Noguchi, a young Japanese poet, is interesting as showing the impression made by the pessimistic philosophy and bitter cynicism of Henrik Ibsen on the naïve children of flowery, picturesque Nippon. Modern Japan, despite its ready adoption of Western manners is, in things theatrical, still faithful to the ancient feudal days and the sanguinary interminable dramas with their fiery dragons and hideously masked warriors, written many centuries ago, are still the chief attractions in the Mikado's theatres. Of late years an attempt has been made to "reform" the Japanese stage by introducing Western plays. Sada Yacco, a Japanese actress, well known in America, recently presented Shakespeare before Tokio audiences, and now a group of literary enthusiasts are trying to cultivate a local taste for Ibsen. It can well be believed that the Japanese players felt ill at ease acting in modern dress in a piece so entirely foreign to their own customs and ideas.—EDITOR.

IT was the first time in the long history of Japanese theatrical art that we had seen on the stage such somber colors, such cruel self-analysis, such intensity of emotions. We were ready to cry with Erhart that the air was stifling; we could hardly bear the new, strange yoke we were most unexpectedly brought under. "John Gabriel Borkman," the first Ibsen play ever produced on the Japanese stage, was a surprise to most of us; whether it was pleasing or not depends on the individual point of view. The play has many fine qualities which gave us food for reflection, but I am not quite ready to accept the opinion of Mr. Kaoru Osanai, novelist and manager of the new Liberty Theatre, which he inaugurated with this play, that the study of Ibsen is the only way to rejuvenate and reform our Japanese stage. The manager exclaims: "Forget your old art or stage tricks. Make a fresh start. The new art is not mending the old, but building anew. The ground has to be leveled, leaving not a trace of the old art. Entirely new plans have to be drawn: every timber must be new. Are the carpenters ready?" What he suggests is revolution.

As a protest against the old methods the production of "John Gabriel Borkman" was certainly successful. Yet there were immense difficulties and prejudices to overcome. For the actors who took part, the performance was a great trial, I might say torture. They found that a finer art, an art which was almost beyond their reach, was yet to be mastered. I can imagine how difficult it was for them with their peculiar, old-fashioned training to act in a play which has comparatively no action, which meanders along from act to act, with no grand climaxes, the participants not knowing exactly at what moment the curtain will drop. They discovered that there was a difficult art still to be learned—how to utter impressively and meaningly the lines given to them. That alone is a hard task for Japanese actors whose natural abilities have so long been paralyzed, so to speak, by the classicism and extravagant theatrical usages of the old Japanese stage. It was the first time that they had to deal with such a somber motive in a play, so they can hardly be blamed if they were not quite sure of what they were doing or saying. Mr. Osanai told me that they often fell into the old stage tricks, or *Keren* as we say in Japan, and several times it required the closest watching on the part of the prompter and the utmost self-control on the part of the players to avert disaster. After the performance, however, he declared that he was satisfied. He did not consider his actors altogether hopeless as interpreters of the new drama.

SCENE IN ACT III OF "JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN"

It is most gratifying to progressive Japanese to find that we are not so far behind the movement of dramatic reform, which has gained so strong a foothold among Western nations. Mr. Osanai knew well the uncertainty of Ibsen, considered from the financial viewpoint, and he began wisely by securing a certain number of sub-

Sadanji Ichikawa as Borkman

Enjaku as Ella Rentheim

Sasho as Vilhelm Foldal

scriptions, being well supported in this by artists and writers. His warmest backer among our leading actors was Sadanji Ichikawa, son of one of the most famous actors in modern Japan, who died some years ago. Ichikawa has traveled a great deal, and he remained abroad some years, studying the dramatic art in Europe. On his return home he presented the court-room scene from "The Merchant of Venice." His Shylock was quite successful, though, as one critic observed, he was too much influenced by German interpretations of the rôle. He hinted the other day to me that he would like to play Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

When it was announced that Ichikawa was going to play Borkman, the news was received with no little interest by Japanese Ibsenites. A year or two ago, a wave of Western naturalism swept over Nippon. Awakening to the consciousness of individuality in literature the younger literary men in Japan formed an Ibsen Society chiefly to study the master's work. Not only are Ibsen's books now read by the cultured Japanese public with great avidity, but to a very large extent they have influenced Japanese literature.

Whether such plays as "John Gabriel Borkman" will ever appeal to or even be understood by us remains to be seen. Spiritually, the play attacks the very foundation of Japanese society, based as it is on the inviolability and sanctity of the home. The closeness of the family tie, the unquestioning obedience of child to parent, are institutions that with us must not under any circumstances be disturbed. After love of home comes patriotism and ardent love of country, affection for the Emperor and respect for the Imperial throne. If we are to have literary emancipation and individualism they must be conducted on those lines. Yet we see attempts to break down even then the time-honored traditions of our nation. For the last ten years, the minds of the younger generation have been more or less under the influence of Western individualism, which has awakened them to sudden consciousness, and brought vividly before them vital questions of actual life. Not perhaps that they are less patriotic, but they have begun to think more of themselves. There are not a few who declare, like young Erhart: "For I am young! That's what I never realized before; but now the knowledge is tingling through every vein in my body. I will only live, live, live!" It is not too much to say, therefore, that Orientalism, in Japan, has already been undermined.

We could not feel sympathy with either Mrs. Borkman or that fantastic ex-banker and dreamer to whom deep seas and hills sing of treasure and power. We soon found, too, that sympathy need not be wasted on Ella Rentheim and her egoistic love. None of Ibsen's characters are so weak as to need anyone's sympathy, but, in Japan at least, we are not quite ready yet to accept their tremendous egoism. While we do not delve too deeply into purpose or solution, we like to know sometimes where we are being led to. Ibsen is a cruel master. He gives us a picture without attempting to explain it, and it always leaves us sadder, with our faith in our fellows shattered. It would be safer for us perhaps to remain loyal to the old ideals of a thousand years ago.

Ichikawa presented a Borkman made up as Ibsen himself. The actor was not at his best in the earlier scenes, but in the second act, with its spiritual concentration and where tenderness, sadness, and cynicism are beautifully intermingled, Ichikawa rose to his full height. The Japanese actors have yet a thousand things to learn before they can deliver successfully such dialogue as Ibsen's. In the third act when four or five people were in the scene, the dramatic harmony was somewhat disturbed. Little wonder. It was a radical change for Japanese actors who are accustomed to act sitting on a *tatami* floor to appear in modern clothes, striking awkward attitudes around tables. It is a question if Ibsen will really reform the Japanese stage. Y. NOGUCHI.

Houkoshi as Mrs. Fanny Wilton

Sonosuke as Mrs. Borkman

Takahashi as Frida

EDMOND CLEMENT
As Don José in "Carmen"

EDMOND CLEMENT
As Werther

EDMOND CLEMENT
As Don José in "Carmen"

New Opera Favorites

EDMOND CLÉMENT

WHEN Hans von Bülow uttered his well-known sneer, "The Lord created men, women, and tenors," he certainly had never met Edmond Clément, the French tenor who has captivated New York audiences this season at the opera performances in the New Theatre as well as in the larger Metropolitan. The first impression one receives on meeting this artist off the stage is of brain power. Clément has the typical actor's face, with its mobility, its instant expression of every passing shade of emotion, but he has also the face of a man of intellect. Keen, dark eyes flash at one from beneath heavy, dark brows, the forehead is finely shaped, the features expressive, the mouth especially so. Thick, dark hair with a decided ripple shades his brow. He is quick, alert in his movements, but without the slightest tendency to over-gesticulation. The expressive hands are seldom quiet, yet not obtrusively in motion.

"I am greatly pleased with my American success," he said to the writer, and he seemed to mean it. "I feel doubly flattered," he went on, "since I was told that no French tenor had pleased at the Metropolitan for years, not in fact since the time of Jean De Reszké. Whether or not that is true, at least I believed that in so international a city as New York there was certainly room for French art and artists. I felt that the American taste need not confine itself to German and Italian music and artists, admirable although they be. It seemed to me that here in this country there was room for art of all nationalities, each in its proper proportion constituting one great edifice of art. Art, properly speaking, has no nationality.

A well merited compliment upon the admirable distinctness of his diction pleased the singer.

"I take especial pains with it," said he, "and for the very reason that I am singing in a foreign country. So many Americans speak and study French that I feel sure that if they can understand, even if not all the words, at least sufficient to follow the action of the opera, it must make it doubly interesting to them. I do my best."

EDMOND CLÉMENT

It was as a boy soprano, when studying at Chartres, at the Polytechnic, preparatory to entering the University, that M. Clément first began singing. He was destined for the profession of civil engineer, but possessing a sweet voice, often sang at the cathedral services. With him was his brother, Georges, who also had a good voice, and who is to-day a noted throat specialist of Paris, and visited by almost all the artists of the Opera and Opera Comique there. As young Clément grew up his voice developed into a sweet, though light, tenor, and when he finally decided to adopt the profession of music, he entered the Paris Conservatoire. He is very modest in speaking about himself, but his ability may be guessed by the fact that at the end of the first year of vocal instruction he took the first prize for singing.

"I sang an aria from 'Lakmé,'" said the tenor. "My voice was light but fresh, and they seemed to like my way of singing. Both my professor, Warot and I, were amazed when I received

Scenes in the Drama "Madame X" at the New Amsterdam

Photos White

Madame X (Dorothy Donnelly) Marie (Deirdre Doyle)

ACT I. MADAME X: "I CAN SEE BLOOD—A GREAT DEAL OF BLOOD"

Raymond Floriot (William Elliott) Madame X (Dorothy Donnelly) Perissard (W. H. Denny)

ACT III. MADAME X: "I KNOW YOU! YOU ARE THE REAL CAUSE OF THE MURDER!"

the first prize. We had not expected it at all. But a fresh surprise was in store for us. They asked me to join the company of the Opéra Comique. M. Warot hesitated a long time. I had had no lessons in acting, nothing but singing, for at the Conservatoire one is not permitted to enter any of those classes until the second year. Finally he reluctantly consented, and I made my début in Gounod's 'Mireille.' I met with success from the first. But I think I was born with acting ability, and then how I studied! How I always study! One cannot progress in one's art without constant study."

White

SIX DANCERS IN MONTGOMERY AND STONE'S NEW MUSICAL PLAY "THE OLD TOWN" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

M. Clément has some interesting views on the subject of singing in other languages.

"Personally, although I know singers who seem equally at home when singing in several languages, I do not believe that is usually the case. It certainly is not with me. I know Italian, and have sung in that language; I am studying English, to speak which has always been a desire of mine, but I am thoroughly at home only when singing in my native French. Italians have told me the same thing with regard to their singing in French. It seems to me perfectly natural. Another language calls for a different manner of producing tones. The Italian, for instance, is open, and consequently their singing is open. The French language is far more covered, hence the singing must be covered. The only rôle I have sung in Italian is that of Fenton in Verdi's 'Falstaff,' which I created in Paris, and which I expect to sing this season when the work is given."

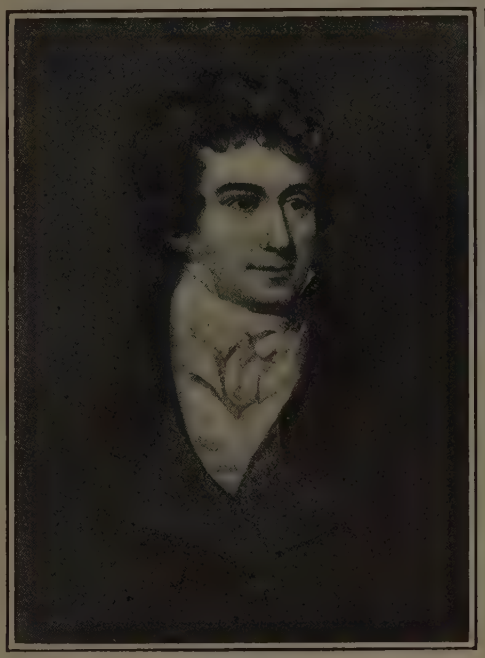
Asked about favorite rôles, M. Clément mentioned Werther, the work in which he made his New York début, Des Grieux in "Manon," Don José in "Carmen," a special favorite, and the tenor rôle in "Lakmé."

"'Werther' is not an opera which I should ever choose for a début," he explained. "It is one of my favorite rôles, but I think the opera is not one which appeals instantly to the public. It is too gray, too somber. That I succeeded nevertheless pleases me greatly. The public was complacent the first evening, more pleased the second, and at the third the opera had evidently become established in favor, as it seems to me it is always sure to do in time. Don José I am most anxious to sing in New York, but there seems little chance for this season. I hope it may come next year. Besides 'Fra Diavolo,' which also seems to please, I shall sing the rôle of Dominique when 'L'Attaque du Moulin' is produced. It will be the first time I have sung it, for in Paris, when the work was given, I sang the rôle of the Sentinel. 'La Dame Blanche' is mentioned as a possibility for this season, but probably it will not be given until next year. You may be interested to know that I had never sung in 'La Fille de Mme. Angot.' In Paris that is considered rather operetta than opéra comique, but when I was asked to sing in it here I was very willing to do so, and the performance was certainly interesting."

It is difficult to realize that M. Clément has been singing, as he frankly tells one, for twenty years at the Opéra Comique. Of course, he was very young at that time. Besides singing there, for at least fifteen years he has been in the greatest demand as soloist at church functions, marriages, festivals, etc., and at soirées in the most exclusive drawing-rooms of Paris.

"I firmly believe that there is hardly a church in Paris in which I have not sung," said he, whimsically. His delightful style, the exquisite quality of his voice, make his drawing-room work a delight, taken with his expressive countenance and charming manner. M. Clément's wife accompanied him to this country, but his two children, a very pretty little girl of fourteen, and a small cherub of three, pretty as one of Raphael's angels, remained behind in Paris. It is pleasant to know that M. Clément returns to us next year, for he would certainly be missed. ELISE LATHROP.

Edmund Kean and His American Enemies



EDMUND KEAN

ALTHOUGH born to trouble (on the fourth of November, 1787), as all men, and a few actors, are said to be, Edmund Kean's starring life seems to show that when his woes failed to attain an heroic stature he set them on stilts. This great *little* actor had quickly overcome the prejudices of his American audiences for "the foreign tragedian," and was sending glowing, if somewhat sophomorical newspaper accounts of his success in this country, and, what was more substantial, a thousand pounds per month home to England, when he was announced to play for nine evenings in Boston. He appeared there for the first time on February 12, 1821, in Shakespeare's "Richard III." His success was so instant and so pronounced, that he stayed for six nights longer, and when he left Boston it was, he said, as if he left warm, personal friends behind.

Indeed, the impression left on the actor was so agreeable that it helped him to salve his vanity when the public of other cities exhibited less appreciation of him, and contrary to the advice of his friends, Kean announced himself for a short, supplementary engagement at Boston, and on May 23, 1821, he arrived at the theatre prepared to give a representation of "King Lear."

Kean's condition on that eventful night has been the subject of considerable controversy. It was said by antagonistic contemporaries, and openly stated in one or two Boston papers, that he had been drinking. The actor himself admitted that he may have had a glass or two of wine, and he couldn't stand wine," but later in England he positively denied that he had taken any, and the testimony of Manager Dickson, of the Boston Theatre, runs the same way.

Unhappily, just before the play opened, Kean looked out through a slit in the curtain over the house, and seeing but twenty persons gathered, immediately experienced a paroxysm of passion and declared that he "wouldn't act to bare walls." The manager tried to pacify him, arguing that many of the best and most intellectual of the Boston playgoers had deserted the city for their nearby country homes, and their journey from thence had made them late. They would come, he felt certain. But Kean was not to be induced to go on, and in a fit of pique he ran into the house of a friend, George Clarke, near by, and there spent the evening, this time admittedly "taking wine."

Meanwhile the theatre filled up. Messengers were sent for Kean, but he refused to return, and the manager was forced to go in front of the curtain and offer what lame explanation he could. The house received it badly. There were shouts of "insulting dog!" and lower expressions, but Kean did not hear them, and probably he gave little thought to the incident.

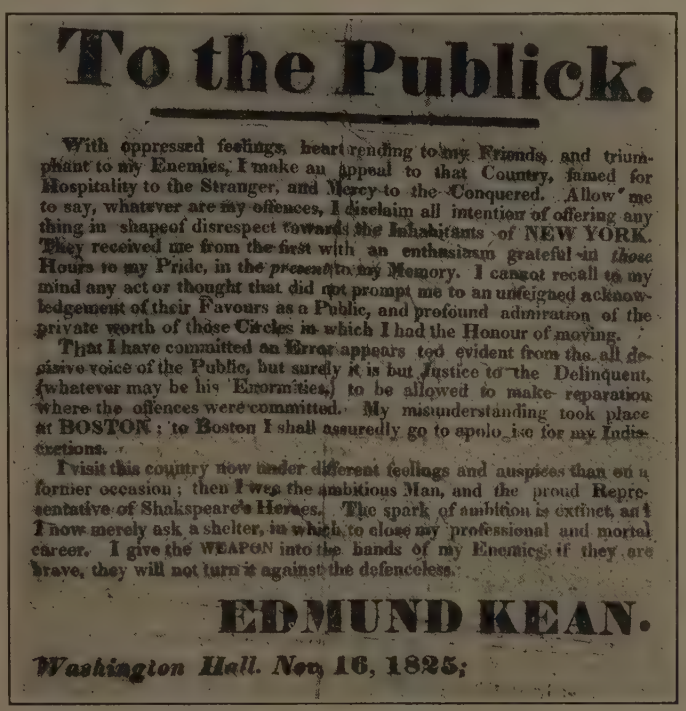
Next day the papers announced "One Cent Reward," on the return of a "stage player calling himself Kean, easily recognized by his misshapen trunk and cockney manners." His face was described as "white as his own froth," and all persons were cautioned against harboring the "aforesaid vagrant."

The New York newspapers resented the insult he had offered Boston, and although the people were quiet enough in the theatre during his farewell appearance before he sailed for England, Kean sorely missed their former enthusiasm. The resentment of his American public, however, was smouldering.

In the interval between this episode and the exposure of Kean's relations with the wife of Alderman Cox in London, his treatment of his wife and son, later to be known as the celebrated Charles Kean, the life of the great tragedian was extremely unhappy. His native country grew too bitter towards him, he was constantly lampooned in the press and hissed in the theatre. These conditions, although brought about by himself, were rapidly undermining his health and destroying his genius. In appearance he was so changed that even his best friends scarcely recognized him. His countenance, blotched with rage and brandy, wore constantly an air of desperation; his nose was red, cheeks mottled, eyes bloodshot. In fine, the Kean of 1823 and 1824 bore no resemblance to the pale, elegant little man, with brilliant black eyes and exquisite dress, with whom London had been familiar. He had deserted his family and hidden himself away in the house of George Frederick Cooke, of the Theatre Royal, a faithful friend, who did what he could to keep Kean away from the brandy bottle and from self-destruction.

At length he determined to return to America and make his home here. What was his surprise and discomfiture, to find on arriving in New York, that he had ignorantly invaded a hostile country. The newspapers bristled with accounts of the sordid Cox connection and warned him that any attempt to play before our "fellow citizens" would teach the actor a sharp lesson for the insult he had given his Boston audience a year or so before.

Kean would not read these warnings, nor listen to the advice of friends. On November 14, 1825, he reappeared at the Park Theatre, but the hoots and howls of the audience pre-



To the Publick.

With oppressed feelings, heart rending to my Friends, and triumphant to my Enemies, I make an appeal to that Country, famed for Hospitality to the Stranger, and Mercy to the Conquered. Allow me to say, whatever are my offences, I disclaim all intention of offering any thing in shape of disrespect towards the Inhabitants of NEW YORK. They received me from the first with an enthusiasm grateful in *those* Hours to my Pride, in the *present* to my Memory. I cannot recall to my mind any act or thought that did not prompt me to an unfeigned acknowledgement of their Favours as a Public, and profound admiration of the private worth of those Circles in which I had the Honour of moving.

That I have committed an Error appears too evident from the all decisive voice of the Public, but surely it is but Justice to the Delinquent, (whatever may be his Enormities,) to be allowed to make reparation where the offences were committed. My misunderstanding took place at BOSTON; to Boston I shall assuredly go to apologise for my Indiscretions.

I visit this country now under different feelings and auspices than on a former occasion; then I was the ambitious Man, and the proud Representative of Shakspeare's Heroes. The spark of ambition is extinct, and I now merely ask a shelter, in which to close my professional and mortal career. I give the WEAPON into the hands of my Enemies; if they are brave, they will not turn it against the defenceless.

EDMUND KEAN.

Washington Hall. Nov. 16, 1825;

Appeal to the American public issued by Kean in the form of hand bills after being hooted in the Park Theatre, Boston

As Salome | In Chopin's "Funeral March" | In Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"

MISS MAUD ALLAN IN THREE OF HER CLASSIC DANCING INTERPRETATIONS

vented him from being heard, and he was forced to retire from the stage. Manager Simpson offered to put a substitute in his place, but the public, having sufficiently shown their displeasure, preferred to disperse. Now began Kean's abject appeal to the American public. In the *National Advocate* he expressed regret "for past conduct." In New York he also issued this notice in the form of handbills:

To the Publick

With oppressed feelings, heart rending to my Friends, and triumphant to my Enemies, I make an appeal to that Country, famed for Hospitality to the Stranger, and Mercy to the Conquered. Allow me to say, whatever are my offences, I disclaim all intention of offering any thing in shape of disrespect towards the Inhabitants of NEW YORK. They received me from the first with an enthusiasm grateful in *those* Hours to my Pride, in the *present* to my Memory. I cannot recall to my mind any act or thought that did not prompt me to an unfeigned acknowledgement of their Favours as a Public, and profound admiration of the private worth of those Circles in which I had the Honour of moving.

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Edmund Kean.

Washington Hall, Nov. 16, 1825.

In the following December Kean, who certainly had courage, dared to return to Boston. When he appeared on the stage there, four nights before Christmas, a wild howl as from a pack of hungry wolves went up from every part of the packed house, showers of cabbages, oranges, brass buttons, reached him; dirty water was squirted on him from syringes, and bottles of offensive drugs were broken on the stage. Kean fled to the refuge of a friend's house near by, and the manager told the audience that if, on his previous visit, Mr. Kean had offended them, he was sorry from the bottom of his soul.

"Oh, damn his soul!" screamed the audience, who rushed on the stage and into the dressing-rooms seeking Kean, for what purpose they themselves probably did not know. Mayor Quincy was called to quell the riot, and in the meantime, without pausing to wash off the make-up of Othello, which he was to have played that awful night, Kean fled to New York. There, next day, he read in the *National Advocate* of his disgrace, coupled to such epithets as "coward." "double-faced beggar." It seemed that America like England had disowned him.

Poor, broken, dispirited, Kean yet persisted. He sailed to Charleston, where he met with a kinder reception. In Philadelphia, his great talent conquered opposition, and finally the actor was given a respectful hearing. Kean made his last appearance in America on December 5, 1826, as Richard III, at the Park Theatre in New York. He died in England May 15, 1833.

White

GERTRUDE VANDERBILT

As Notta Sound in "The Jolly Bachelors" at the Broadway

Tully Marshall Who Wanted to Stop Acting

"I JUST worked it out."

This was the ordinary explanation of an extraordinary piece of dramatic work, the most extraordinary that has added to the illumination of the Dramatic Way for many years, work so extraordinary that it has been compared in completeness with that character which lifted Richard Mansfield to preeminence in this country.

Mansfield's "Baron Chevrial" and Marshall's "George Hannock," are spoken of in the same burst of admiration by his fellow craftsmen. And this is indeed supreme praise for Tully Marshall. For in the secret chamber of his heart every actor cares most for the praise of his fellow players, for the "Well done!" of "the man who knows how." For just as Forbes Robertson said the greatest triumph of his life had been when he played Hamlet at a professional matinée, so the real joy of Tully Marshall's great dramatic feat in "The City" has not been found in the measured praise of the critics; not in the crowded, hysterical houses that hang in horrified ecstacy upon the awful realism of his opium-inspired ravings, terrible as De Quincy's confessions, but in the honest, unstinted applause of his fellow actors.

Fowler

TULLY MARSHALL

Whose remarkable character acting as the morphine fiend in "The City" is the talk of New York

His development of the character of the principleless, degenerate victim of the fearful vice was categorically this: Six months ago the late Clyde Fitch sent for him, and in the library of the museumlike home of the playwright on East Fortieth Street, Mr. Fitch read the play to the actor.

"It's a great part," said Tully Marshall.

"What do you think of it?" asked Clyde Fitch in his crisp, quick way.

"I think it's a great part," answered the actor in his equally characteristic, quiet way.

"Will you play it?"

"I'm afraid I can't. You see my ambition is one with my wife's. I have promised to play a part in her new play, 'The Talker.'"

"I am sorry."

"So am I."

That was the beginning which bore every featural resemblance to the end. Mr. Marshall went to Cleveland to look after the stage management of a summer stock company. Conferences with his wife, Marian Fairfax, the former actress, and author of "The Builders" and of "The Chaperon," about the new play were frequent. Meanwhile Clyde Fitch's busy pen had been halted forever, and a letter from the Shuberts invited Mr. Marshall to become the "George Hannock" of the cast of the posthumous play. But Mr. Marshall again declined. His dramatic fortunes he had willingly joined with his wife's. But when the third offer came the production of Miss Fairfax's play had been postponed until the spring. That third offer he accepted.

"Then I walked through a rehearsal and asked to see the manuscript," explained the creator of Hannock. "I studied my lines and then"—it seemed difficult to describe a process so subtle as slipping into the unlovely shell of this degenerate son of a surreptitious sire—"I just worked it out."

"Did anyone sit for the portrait of Hannock?"

"No one in particular. I suppose a good many in general did. Hannock is many men I have seen, plus abstract knowledge and imagination. You have written some fiction, haven't you? Well, then you know that you don't take some one character as you have seen it and reproduce a photograph of it. You take a bit of this person and of that and make a mosaic. I had noticed that men who have come to the stage door to be helped, members of my own profession and of others, men who want to borrow a half dollar to buy opium, have wobbling knees. I went to a doctor, my brother-in-law, and asked him two questions. I wanted to know just how, and where, the needle was used. And I was anxious to know what states of mind would follow the injection. He told me that immediately afterward the mind would be clear and the spirits high, that this would last for a time, then the ravings would begin again. That made me know better what to do, of course. The rest was just imagination.

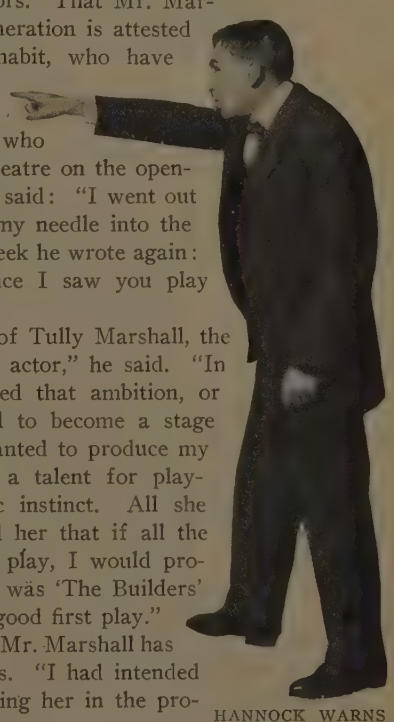
"The hardest work that faced me was when I knew that the shot, when I killed my sister, was the climax, and I knew that there must be no drop from that climax. What to do to keep up to it had to be worked out. The crash of the glass when my brother throws the pistol out of the window, and I see my chance for suicide go, is another climax. That is the reason for the wail."

Mr. Marshall with Charles Hawtrey, who played "A Message from Mars," and Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," are missionary actors. That Mr. Marshall is also doing work of regeneration is attested by the victims of the opium habit, who have written him that because of his terrible realism they have forsworn their vice. A Bostonian, who was thus afflicted, came to the theatre on the opening night, and, seeking the actor, said: "I went out after the second act and threw my needle into the street. At the end of the third week he wrote again: 'I haven't touched the stuff since I saw you play 'George Hannock!'"

There have been three phases of Tully Marshall, the actor. "First I wanted to be an actor," he said. "In four or five years I had realized that ambition, or thought I had. Then I wanted to become a stage director. I did that. Then I wanted to produce my wife's plays. I knew she had a talent for playwriting. She had the dramatic instinct. All she needed was the practice. I told her that if all the managers turned down her first play, I would produce it myself, and so I did. It was 'The Builders' at the Astor Theatre. It was a good first play."

Without pride in his own work, Mr. Marshall has confidence and pride in his wife's. "I had intended to give my work entirely to helping her in the pro-

THE CRAZED HANNOCK ABOUT TO KILL



HANNOCK WARNS GEO. RAND TO TAKE CARE

duction of her plays," he said, with not the faintest thought that this latest of his three ambitious phases was one of submergence.

But Miss Fairfax believes in reciprocity of talents. Her husband admits with pleasing gratitude her part in his development of Hannock's hideous personality. "When I went over the part at home she would say: 'You are slurring that business. I would play it slower.' And she came to rehearsals and used to warn me, 'You play it too fast. Change your tempo!' But she helped me most by her confidence. Sometimes I would say: 'This is a bigger thing than I thought. I don't believe I can.' And she'd stop me with, 'Of course, you can. You shall.' That helped along more than I or any other man can tell."

GRAND THEATRE, CADIZ, SPAIN

It took many years, Mr. Marshall tells with the modesty that makes him almost unique, to climb to the dramatic eminence on which he somewhat confusedly finds himself.

"Other men make hits," he said. "They make them and New York never hears of the men and the hits. It takes a combination of circumstances to make success. The hit must be in a hit. I had played at the last count nine hundred and some parts. I've played nearly everything. I barn-stormed in California and was stage-manager for Charles Frohman in London." A. P.

Sienkiowicz's Tribute to Helena Modjeska

HENRYK SIENKIOWICZ, the famous author of "Quo Vadis," was, as is well known, an intimate friend of the late Helena Modjeska. At the recent funeral of the actress in Warsaw, the celebrated Polish novelist delivered this beautiful and interesting tribute to the memory of his gifted and distinguished fellow country woman:

"The appreciation of Helena Modjeska as an actress who raised the level of Polish dramatic art, created a long succession of great tragic personalities and started an epoch, alas, so short! of the greatest splendor of our theatre—an appreciation like this belongs to critics, playwrights and historians of the Polish theatre. I would like to call your attention to another part of her life, and throw some light upon what a mere critic would scarcely touch. It will be, so to speak, a handful more of earth thrown upon that coffin which has just arrived from across the ocean.

"The memory of the great artist will live many years; may also the memory of the great citizen not be lost! The mountain brook, which shifts the stones, the sea which throws them on the shore—both polish their edges, round them and make them so uniform that they differ only by their size. Life may be likened to such a brook, such a sea. If it tears man from his home-nest—it shifts him like that stone; it throws him upon foreign shores among strange people, and finally it makes him look like his surroundings, it gives him a mental shape equal to that of his new *milieu,* and destroys—sometimes entirely—his national character. Such is the effect of the current, thus acts the wave of life!

Photo Falk

HOWARD KYLE

Who as Scarus in "Antony and Cleopatra" spoke the first lines in the first performance at the New Theatre

"But there are exceptions to that universal phenomenon. There exist souls so irresistible that they are proof against this power. There are hearts as if hewn out of a diamond, which never will change either their inmost substance or their form, and always will remain what they were. A woman with such a soul was Helena Modjeska, whose mortal remains have come to be laid to rest in her native soil.

"The external life of this unusual woman made her a great and cosmopolitan artist; her inner life was so closely bound to her mother country that she never ceased to be a Polish patriot.

> "'If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem!
> Let my right hand forget her skill.
> Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
> If I remember Thee not!'" . . .

"These words of David's psalm became practically a part of her life. She never forgot. She returned to this Mother Country whenever she could until at last she returned in a coffin. Here is peace for her, here repose, here calm and eternal sleep. . . .

"She did not forget that old country in the new one, where it is easier to forget than in any other. Any other will always be a stepmother to the newcomer, America alone becomes a mother, adopts the stranger as her own child and gives him everything she possesses herself. To Modjeska she gave the highest to which an artist may aspire: great glory—and yet she was unable to claim her soul or even her mortal remains.

"And like the seed of the poplar, snatched by the storm, may somewhere on the shores of distant seas grow up into a lofty tree, but never will transform itself into a palm or olive, thus she grew up very high, but born

Photo Byron, N. Y.

MARY GARDEN IN THE TITLE ROLE OF MASSENET'S OPERA "GRISELIDIS" AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

on Polish soil she remained a Pole to her very last breath. Why? . . . . What gave that vitality to her Polish sentiments, what caused the tradition, the love, the memory of her native nest to migrate with her across the ocean, like seabirds following a boat—and never abandon her? Such was her nature, undoubtedly. But such an answer does not explain anything, one loves her misery, her weakness, her tears and her sorrows.

"But who are they who love thus? Not those who proclaim the war slogan: *Ubi bene, ibi patria?* Thus love noble and sublime souls, thus love only those who are touched by misery, who are stirred by injustice. Thus love selected beings—endowed by God with an active and creative power of imagination; beings

Charles Winslow (Arthur Byron) Eve (Maxine Elliott) Bennett (O. B. Clarence)
Act III. The crew mutinies and Eve hoists the signal of distress

Hall Eve (Maxine Elliott) Bennett (O. B. Clarence) Charles Winslow (Arthur Byron) Quartermaster (E. F. Meads)
Act III. An officer from the "York Castle" demands to know why his ship has been delayed
SCENES IN FRANK STANTON'S SUCCESSFUL COMEDY "THE INFERIOR SEX" AT DALY'S THEATRE

and diminishes only her merits. And uninvited, still another question comes to the mind. If that old country were mighty, rich, free and happy—would it have been so difficult to her to tear her heart from it? Maybe the secret of that love lies just in that question. Poland is a mother in distress.

"Therefore, when one sees the strength of others and remembers her weakness; when in presence of the wealth of others one recalls her poverty; in presence of foreign joys her tours; of foreign fulness and liberty of life her grated cell—then the more who, when their hearts long for their mother, see her so distinctly even across the tenth sea as they would standing on her threshold.

"Then they see the towers of the native towns, the snows of the home mountains, the fields of grain and the flowers of the meadows. They hear the church choirs and the shepherds' flutes, and all the voices of the soil. And the more those voices joined together to resemble sobbing—the more they long, the deeper they love. Thus loved her Mother-Soil—Helena Modjeska!"

Scenes in "Twelfth Night" as Produced at the New Theatre

Byron, N. Y. Viola (Annie Russell) Duke of Illyria (Matheson Lang)

ACT II. VIOLA (SINGING): "A THOUSAND, THOUSAND SIGHS TO SAVE—"

Byron, N. Y. Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Ferdinand Gottschalk) Maria (Jessie Busley)

ACT II. SIR ANDREW: "NAY, LET ME ALONE FOR SWEARING"

Ethel Cadman—an English Girl in America

ENGLISH calm lies all over and around, and pervades Miss Ethel Cadman — she pronounces it Kedman—whom, after her performance as Sombra in "The Arcadians," the critics greeted as one of the sweetest singers England has ever sent us. She is twenty-four, the same age as Elsie Ferguson. Miss Cadman won instant popularity in New York by her voice, her excellent musical method, and by a grace which seemed as though it had been brought from Arcadia. She expressed her pleasure at this instant recognition in America, but she did it in her own way. She said: "It was very nice." Unlike Elsie Ferguson, who shrieks when she is happy, Miss Cadman only smiles slowly and says: "It was very nice." Which is more than an individual, it is a national difference.

But there is another reason, quite apart from temperament, why the Sombra of "The Arcadians" is not of lightsome manner except when on the stage. It was cruel news that met her at the New York dock. As she sailed into the harbor, she meant to be alive to all of the impressions that trooped through her consciousness on her arrival in this strange, new land. But a cable made her insensible to them all. When she left England her mother was ill. Influenza had claimed her, but she bade her daughter farewell with a cheerful smile. "I have always wanted you to go to America," she said. "I hope you will be successful. I think you will. If you stay a long time I shall come over." Sombra had answered, "Indeed you will," and was driven away to meet the steamer. As the vessel passed Quarantine the purser received a wireless from England. He stuffed it into his pocket and sought the English girl, who was making her first visit to America. "I have a wireless saying your mother is very ill," he said. "Oh, I hoped she was much better by now." He shook his head and walked away. The next morning she was told the terrible truth. New Year's Day in the strange country the English girl spent in tears.

Born in Stafford, Miss Cadman inherited her larklike voice and talent for music from her mother, a choir singer. From her grandfather, an artist, she inherited her taste for the arts. When eleven she sang from "The Messiah" at a country church. For five years she attended the Guild Hall Music School. Her first engagement was with the Mudie Manners Opera Company. For seven months she was in that company's chorus. Then she became a prima donna, and for two and a half years she sang in repertoire, being the Marguerite in "Faust," and Violetta in "Traviata." She met George Edwardes, who lured her to the top of the mountain and showed her the promised land of comic opera. He induced her to forsake Violetta for the rôle of Natalie in "The Merry Widow," and Marguerite for the Princess in the "Waltz Dream."

ETHEL CADMAN, THE YOUNG ENGLISH ACTRESS WHO WON INSTANT POPULARITY AS SOMBRA IN "THE ARCADIANS"

The Versatile Barnstormer

SINCE melodrama has been so largely driven from the stage by moving pictures and other interlopers, what has become of the old-time melodramatic actor? He can't all be dead. He isn't playing his familiar parts in the old crimeful, sensational plays—at least, not many of him. He is not "barking" at Coney Island, or tending bar, or carrying advertising signs on Broadway. He is not in the ministry, or Congress, or Wall Street. He is not even hanging about the corner of Thirty-ninth Street in appreciable numbers. Where is he, then?

A successful manager, who has produced a number of sensational dramas in "popular" houses in the last few years, and who had seven or eight plays of this kind on the road last season, answers the question without hesitation. He declares that most of his former actors are "making good" in what is known as "the two-dollar drama."

"It must not be supposed," he said the other day, "that because a man has become identified with melodrama, he is not a good all-around actor. It demands talent of a peculiar kind to satisfy the audiences who enjoy the highly spiced dramas usually purveyed in houses where the best seats are never more than a dollar each, and can be occupied in some theatres, even in New York, for fifty cents, with a tariff of ten or fifteen cents in the gallery. The melodramatic actor obtains his effects by broad, but perfectly legitimate, methods. To use his own expression, he 'smashes the audience in the mouth.' When the hero comes into collision with the villain, there is a 'rough-house.' They call names, and they do it at the top of their voices. They take each other by the throat and wrestle all over the stage, and the orchestra helps along the racket, with every musician working hard, from the double-bass viol to the big drum. There is hurly-burly and lots of noise. But, withal, it is merely a setting forth of the common passions of human nature—expressed *fortissimo*."

"But, if he is accustomed to that sort of work, is it likely that he can please audiences who like their stage stories told *piano?*" was asked.

"Make no mistake about that," was the quick response. "If anyone thinks the competent melodrama actor has not a thorough conception of the value of repressed emotion, of subtle sentiment, and intense, low-keyed situations, he does a good man an injustice. When the conscientious player is in melodrama he plays melodrama. Characterizations broadened, thickened and shadowless, are demanded of him, and he tries to earn his salary by giving the goods he is expected to deliver—that is, melodrama. But in very few cases does this mark his artistic limitations. Give him a part in a drama written for audiences to whom the rough-and-tumble obviousness of sensational melodrama does not appeal, and usually he will be found equal to the occasion."

The manager smiled gently in accord with some passing thought, and continued:

"There are few of the distinguished stars of Broadway theatres who have not, at some time or other, strutted their little hour in melodrama. Take, for instance, 'The Two Orphans,' declared by many good judges to be the best melodrama ever written. In a production of this wildly sensational play a few years ago were Kyrle Bellew, E. M. Holland, Grace George, James O'Neill, Clara Morris, Elita Proctor Otis, the late Charles Warner, and others who had been—and some of whom are still—famous stars. That was an exceptional engagement, of course, but all those big actors played the piece in true melodramatic style, altogether different from their usual work in dramas of higher intellectual appeal."

"But what about the everyday melodrama, with its howling one-night stands and general barnstorming experiences?"

"Well, to begin with, being in melodrama does not necessarily mean barnstorming. However, let that pass. As for your

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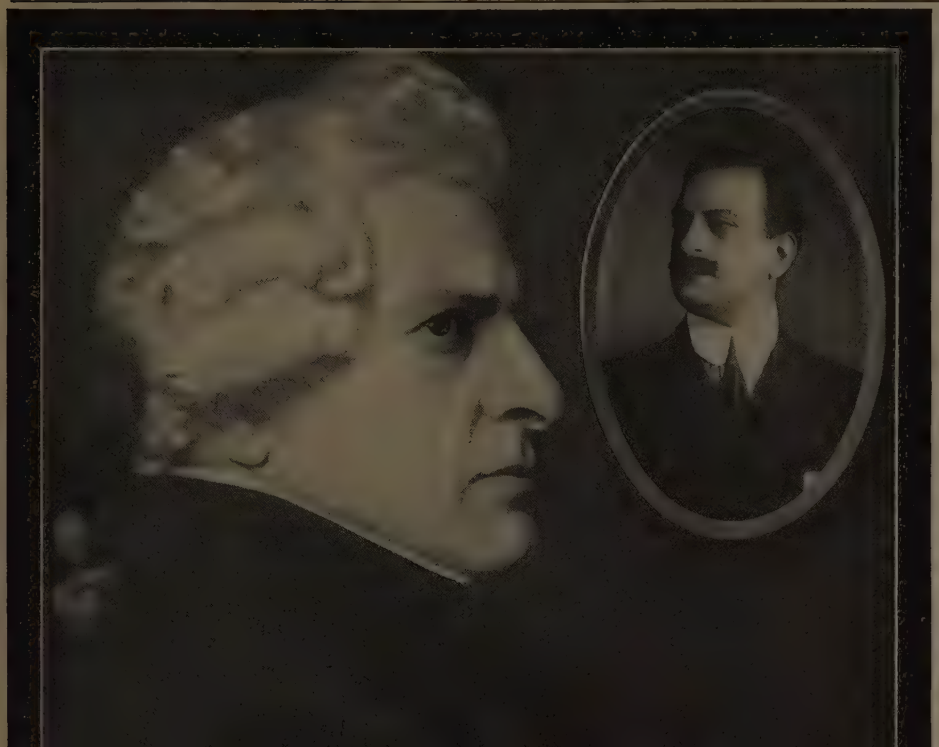
question in general, I could name any number of famous actors who have roared through melodrama as fiercely as any of those you may have seen lately in the Grand Street Theatre or the old Bowery. Wilton Lackaye, Frank Keenan, Robert Hilliard (the original buzz-saw hero), Robert Mantell, Nat Goodwin and others who are long-established Broadway players, gave a good account of themselves in melodrama in days gone by, and would do it now, if required. So, you see, there is nothing remarkable or unprecedented in my melodrama actors having taken their places creditably in higher-class plays. In several of the Broadway successes now running, some of my people have prominent parts, and everyone has been praised by the critics. My own opinion is that there is no better training for an actor than melodrama—except, perhaps, a stock company."

"But is it not difficult for the actor who has been used to melodrama to adapt himself to the quieter methods demanded in plays supposed to be favored by cultured people?"

"Not at all. An actor who knows his business—and I never would waste my time with any others—is in harmony with his surroundings."

GEORGE C. JENKS.



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Plays of the Month

(*Continued from page 70*)

HUDSON. "A LUCKY STAR." Farce in four acts by Anne Crawford Flexner, adopted from the novel, "The Motor Chaperon," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Produced Jan. 18. Cast:

Ronald Lester Starr, William Collier; Rudolph Brederode, Reginald Mason; Robert Van Buren, Wallace Worsley; Sir Alec McNairn, Frank H. Westerton; Heinrich, M. L. Heckert; Otto Van Hassen, Richard Malchien; Nell Van Buren, Paula Marr; Phyllis Rivers, Katharine Mulkins; Feule Menela Van Ber Windt, Phyllis Young; Frau Schmidt, Elizabeth Johnston; A Laundress, Mrs. Pikuritz; The Mother, Helen Vassar; Chaperon, Marjorie Wood; An Aunt, Anna Price.

Give him the frame work of a play and an opportunity to write its dialogue, in the composition of which he has a very nimble and trenchant capacity, and William Collier is almost always sure to please his following. That following, and it is a large and loyal one, is nightly filling the Hudson Theatre, where the erstwhile "Willie" is holding forth in "A Lucky Star," a farce in three acts and a half. Its author is Anne Crawford Flexner and she acknowledges as a fount of inspiration the novel by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, called "The Motor Chaperon." The scenes are laid in Holland and a most delightfully quaint and picturesque setting is provided as a background for the telling of a pleasing if not over subtle story.

Roland Lester Starr charters a house boat, but as two young women are in possession, gallantry forbids him to turn them out. A chaperon is necessary and Mr. Starr tries to secure his Scotch aunt. As she is not available, however, he endeavors to hire for the time an aunt to play the role of propriety. He secures the services of a pretty and attractive young woman, who disguises herself for the purpose. What follows in the way of complications if somewhat obvious is nevertheless funny, and Mr. Collier, with that imperturable sense of humor his chief asset, by his dry way elicits abundant fun and laughter. A number of players are enlisted to enact a varied assortment of characters. None is important or exacts any particular demand. The Chaperon is gracefully and prettily played by Marjorie Wood.

BELASCO. "JUST A WIFE." Play in four acts by Eugene Walter. Produced February 1 with this cast:

John Emerson, Edmund Breese; Bobby Ashby, Ernest Glendinning; Maxcy Steur, Bobby North; Wellesley, Frederick Burton; Mary Ashby Emerson, Charlotte Walker; Eleanor Lathrop, Amelia Gardner.

The theatregoer has grown so accustomed to Belasco triumphs that when that clever producer fails to hit the bull's-eye squarely in the center the disappointment is looked upon almost in the light of a personal injury. Almost the same may be said of Eugene Walter, who, since his "Paid in Full," "The Wolf" and "The Easiest Way," has educated the public to think him incapable of turning out anything but successes. His latest play "Just a Wife" will not, however, add more laurels to his brow. The piece, which has neither head nor tail, is a feeble discussion of the sex problem. It aims to show that man's duty is to the woman he married, and that true happiness is not to be found with the mistress. By some queer jugglery, however, the dramatist proceeded to prove precisely the contrary. He showed us a wife, cold and unsympathetic, freely confessing that she married a man she did not love merely because he was rich and she loved luxury. The mistress he depicts as a woman who had devoted her whole life to the man, who had practically picked him out of the gutter, urged him on to new efforts, and finally made him president of an important railroad. The mistress comes to the wife's house—a situation which the audience is justified in believing will culminate in a sensational scene. But nothing happens—nothing but talk. The dramatist flounders around in a subject apparently too big for him—at least in this play. The husband is wiggy, unsympathetic, hard as nails. The audience did not care whether he went or stayed. There was an impossible Jewish youth dragged in for no other purpose than to furnish execrable comedy, and a fresh college cub who tried to punch the head of a man three times his age. Charlotte Walker alone was charming, but alas! there was nothing for her to do in this play.

SAVOY. "THE FAITH HEALER." Play in three acts by William Vaughn Moody. Produced January 19 with this cast:

Ulrich Michaelis, Henry Miller; Matthew Beeler, Harold Russell; Mary Beeler, Mabel Bert; Martha Beeler, Lillian Dix; Annie Beeler, Gladys Hulette; Rhoda Williams, Jessie Bonstelle; Dr. George Littlefield, Theodore Friebus; Rev. John Culpepper, Edward See; Uncle Abe, Robert McWade; Lazarus, James Hagan; A Young Mother, Laura Hope Crews.

This play, by the author of "The Great Divide," is interesting in its way, just as is everything that

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is mystical, mysterious and unsolvable. The main impression that it left is that it is merely a bit of literary sleight of hand. At times poetic it is always theatric. Impressionism by means of the vague is achieved, but whenever the definite is reached the action and everything connected with it will not stand analysis, and falls to pieces.

SAVOY. "The Heights." Play in three acts by William Anthony McGuire. Produced January 31 with this cast:

Joe Moreau, Frank Keenan; Richard Sidney, Frank Mills; Pietro Pacello, J. Harry Benrimo; Alfredo, Hugo Baldici; Georgia Warren, Willette Kershaw; Mammy Melton, Mrs. Charles G. Craig; Nellie Barnum, Hilda Keenan.

It was a saying by an old Greek philosopher, in a time when they had just as much sense about purely human things as they have today, that no man could be accounted happy before he died. In the same way the success of a play cannot be assured before its ending. A play may be crude in construction and yet satisfy. It may be perfect technically and even please, for the most part, and yet die and not live with the fall of the final curtain. "The Heights," was crude in parts, with a second act that was at once picturesque and inspiring and true in feeling. The scenes, incidents, characterization and bits of dialogue — the young author, new to the stage — gave evidence of the playwriting faculty. In the first act, which was largely atmospheric episode, with a garrulous landlady and a chorus chit, both of them cynical as to the goodness in men, a girl discovers that the young man whom she loves and who professes to love her, wants to enjoy her society without formalities. Immediately after his proposition to her she bethinks herself of a sum of money which has come into her possession and forthwith she goes from London to Switzerland — "the Heights" — hoping there to find a true man. In a blinding snowstorm she takes refuge in the hut of a mountaineer, the illegitimate son of a nobleman. She is alone with him. He has been disappointed in an affair and has lost faith in all women. He believes that she is no better than the women he has known. She proves that she is when she is about to stab herself with a blade she finds at hand when he takes her in his arms. He is overwhelmed by the revelation of her purity, and goes out into the storm, leaving her to pass the night alone, secure from the storm and his passion, and falls to sleep on the couch by the fire. In the last act he is her humble lover. The lover of the first acts makes his appearance and apologizes for his conduct. She accepts him and goes out with him arm in arm, leaving the converted mountaineer lamenting. Pouff! The whole play has come to nothing and gone up like a devil's puff ball, devitalized dust. Frank Keenan acted the principal part with his usual keen intelligence and effectiveness.

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WALLACK'S. "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Play in four acts by Paul Armstrong. From "A Retrieved Reformation," by O. Henry. Produced January 21 with this cast:

Handler, Harold Hartsell; Smith, Albert Elliott; Blickendolfenbach, Loudon McCormick; Bill Avery, Edmund Eton; Doyle, Frank Monroe; Mrs. Webster, Maude Turner Gordon; Mrs. Moore, Sallie Bergman; Robert Fay, Frank Kingdon; Rose Lane, Laurette Taylor; "Blinky" Davis, Edward Bayes; "Dick the Rat," Charles E. Graham; Lee Randall, H. B. Warner; William Lane, James E. Wilson; Red Joclyn, Joseph Tuohy; Robby, Donald Gallagher; Kitty, Alma Sedley; Williams, E. Coddington.

In "A Retrieved Reformation," one of O. Henry's remarkable, short, compact stories, replete with unique human experience, there is a situation where a reformed criminal, now leading a respectable and contented and hopeful life under an assumed name as cashier of a bank, is confronted with the choice of giving up his present security of life or using his skill as a safe-breaker in rescuing a child whom he loves from a vault in the bank, which had accidentally been closed on her in her play, the combination being lost. He saves the child at the risk of being thrown back into his old life, and being taken back to prison on an old charge. With this suggestion and some other details from the story, Mr. Paul Armstrong has constructed a play entitled "Alias Jimmy Valentine," a play most expertly done, entertaining, novel and sometimes thrilling. He wastes no time in sentimentality, and yet he has one love scene in it, in which the girl herself practically proposes, which is charmingly acted, is delightfully natural and entirely novel. There is a little scene in which a child, a girl, one whom the reformed convict loves, the

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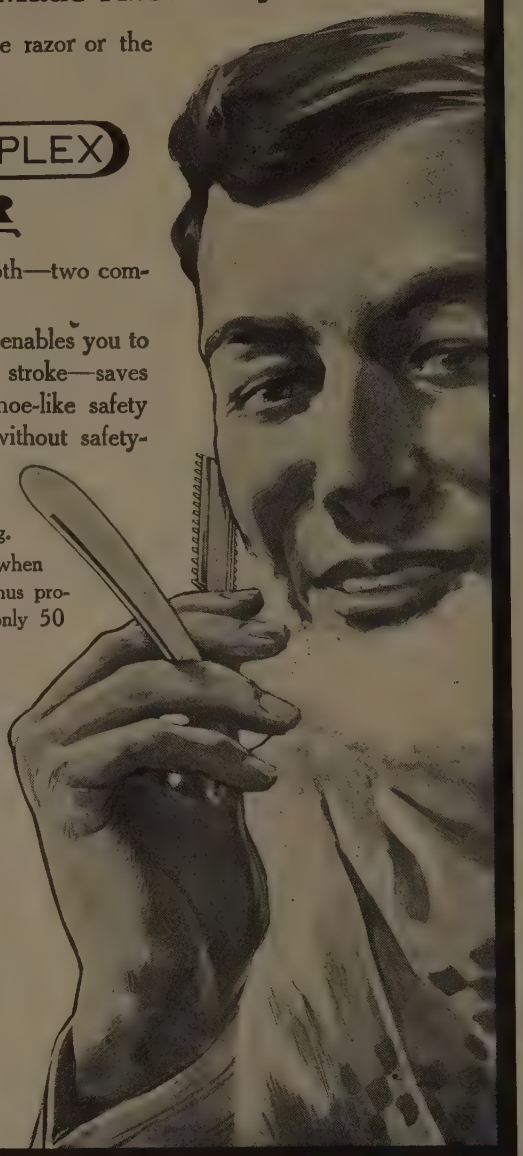

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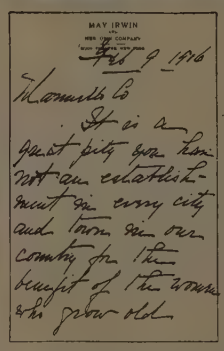
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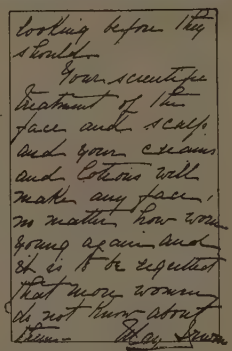
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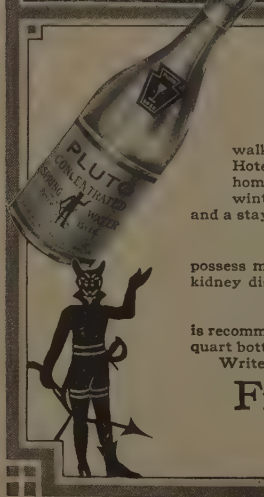

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sister of the girl he is to marry, comes into the cashier's office in his absence with her brother, a year or two older, and they play at banking. There is at first some controversy between them as to who will play the banker and who the borrower. This settled, a very diverting scene is had. The comment has been made that the scene is far-fetched. On the contrary, it is an absolutely essential scene. The play is a distinct novelty in that it is an entertainment of a different kind from the ordinary play in which convicts, criminal-minded or reformed, figure.

HACKETT. "NONE SO BLIND." Play in four acts by Ernest Poole. Produced February 3 with this cast:

John Howe, John Mason; Anne Howe, Mabel Roebuck; Betsy Howe, Ivy Troutman; Billy Locklin, Thomas P. Jackson; Richard Rennels, Thomas MacLarne; Frank Knowlton, Walter Hale.

"None So Blind," produced by Mr. Fiske, with a well chosen company of actors, finely stage managed, and picturesque in its scenic equipment, is less effective than the idea of the play would seem to imply. It is not to be denied that the work of the author, Mr. Ernest Poole, reveals distinctive refinement and purpose. The engineer of a bridge, in process of construction, has been stricken with blindness, and is absent from his work in order to have an operation performed. His future advancement depends upon the success of this bridge, which is to be an engineering achievement of the highest order. His wife had sacrificed her own ambitions, and given up her literary work, in order to help him. It was with her eyes that he had prosecuted the work so far. In his absence a rival engineer schemes to ruin him by substituting other plans with a defective span. The bridge would break down, in that part of it, with the first train run over it. The schemer was enabled to succeed so far by fascinating the sister with attentions and an avowal of love. The wife has been persuaded by a friend to take advantage of the absence of her husband to finish a book of poems, which she is assured will be accepted by a publisher. The assistant engineer has grown suspicious of what has been going on, and communicates his suspicions to his friend, the engineer, to whom he is intensely loyal, and finding that sight has been restored by the operation, advises him to simulate blindness in order to discover the state of affairs. He finds that his sister has been the innocent tool of the schemer, and has furnished him with the means of ruining him with the bridge. With the facts in hand, he has only to get his rival to examine the blue-prints with him, while he suddenly lets it be known that he could see the discrepancies. The substitution of the chart might not have been made if the wife had been vigilant and had used her eyes for him in his absence. She confesses the wrong that she had unwittingly done him, and he now sees that he had been too selfishly absorbed in his own pursuits and unmindful of her right to her aspirations, and the free exercise of her spirit and genius in literature.

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COMEDY. "THE WATCHER." Drama in four acts by Cora Maynard. Produced January 27 with this cast:

Joe Worden, Thurlow Bergen; George Kent, John Emerson; Vivian Kent, Percy Haswell; Felice Kent, Catherine Countiss; Mary, Marion Ballou; Nurse, Malvina Longfellow.

We sometimes hear that women cannot write a play. Why not? They do write them. They have been writing them these many years. Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer's dramatizations furnished Maggie Mitchell with plays that lasted her during her career, a long one, and delighted millions of people. Mrs. Centlivre, in "The Wonder," wrote some of the most animated and successful scenes known to the stage. It is simply a question of knowing how to write a play, of learning the technique. They do not write plays, and do not write plays because they are women. In point of fact, they might write certain kind of plays better than men because they are women. "The Watcher," by Miss Cora Maynard, would not in itself entirely prove the case. Indeed, the play has some defects by reason of its merits and of its feminine sensibilities and point of view. Here is a young woman who believes that her mother, who dies in the first act, in a room adjoining the scene of action, still lives in spirit, is with her always, and guides her. This is a beautiful idea, and really the only idea that holds spiritualism together. We will waive the point that life hereafter would be an agony to the departed, in many cases, if they could witness everything that happens to those that they loved and knew their every thought. It is enough that there can be no more powerful influence in the life of anyone if he believes that the spirit of one whom he most loves, and has been closest to in life, hovers over and protects him. It is because of this that

the play has an appeal to high and true sentiment. The daughter, who sees her mother standing before her at times, and who wears white, and goes about her life without the trappings of woe, is an interesting character. Of course, Miss Maynard cannot prove the truth of spiritualism, but she does prove that the daughter is guided by her belief in the presence of her mother. She acts accordingly, but when her brother, who has been a beastly cad throughout the action, suddenly looks into space, sees his mother and turns forthwith from evil-doing to the right thing, the proof is lacking.

HERALD SQUARE. "THE YANKEE GIRL." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by Silvio Hein. Produced February 10 with this cast:

Jessie Gordon, Blanche Ring; Dolly Dean, Eva Francis; Willie Wiggs, Harry Gilfoil; Capt. John Lawrence, William P. Carleton; J. Phillip Gordon, Juan Villasana; Ambrose Castroba, William Burress; Loleta, Dorothy Jardon; Salvatore, William Halliday; P. C. Gonzabo, Peter Curley; Oyama, Frederick Paulding; Rudolph Schnitzel, Charles J. Winninger; Pedro, E. J. Caldwell; Angelique, Margaret Malcolm; Nina, Vinnie Bradcome; Morales, Henry Bergman.

If Blanche Ring, with her good looks, good artistic gifts and good nature, may be called with pardonable exaggeration "the whole thing" in the Hobart-Hein musical comedy at the Herald Square, there are a number of added attractions which cannot be overlooked. The stage setting, South American—Spanish for a change—is highly picturesque, and the piece is richly costumed throughout, leading up to the climax of the shimmering sea-pearl and moonlight effect of Miss Ring's third-act gown, that she sings *Nora Malone* in. An augmented orchestra for the near-Spanish dances, and a fresh consignment of chorus girls worth looking at through the opera glasses, give the true stamp of a Lew Fields production.

"The Yankee Girl" contains a promising idea—that of a competition between the United States and the Japanese governments for important concessions on the island republic of Brilliantina, whose president is a grotesque grafter—but the authors have handled it crudely, without a suggestion of wit, fancy or satire. Miss Ring is charming in a number of irrelevant scenes, but she has to lighten these up with personal gags and interpolations, and does not really arouse her audience until she falls back upon the old familiar *Yip!* songs of past successes. Harry Gilfoil helps out with ventriloquial specialties, and is funny enough to be "featured." William Burress' dago-ish president is a capital caricature, and Frederick Paulding makes Oyama, the Japanese agent, as finished a study as the exigencies of the situation will permit him.

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WEBER'S. "WHERE THERE'S A WILL." Play in three acts. Adapted by Maurice Campbell. Produced February 7 with this cast:

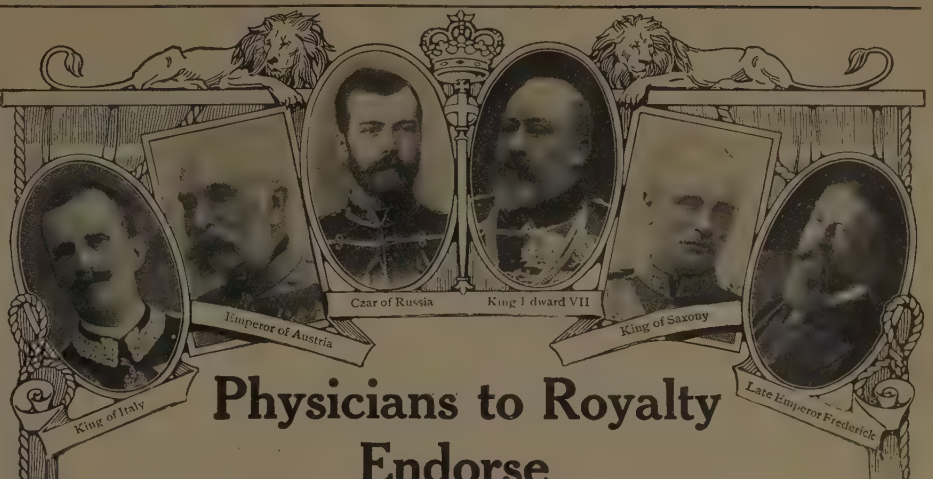
Mrs. Comstock, Lucia Moore; Sarah, Mabel Prenyear; Pauline, Edouard Durand; Miss Wilson, Francene Lorrimore; Mrs. Mary Dexter, May Buckley; William Emery, John Junior; Cornelius Skidmore, Charles Bradshaw; Charles Curtis, M. J. Jordon; Dr. Moore, W. H. Sadler; Mrs. Moore, Suzette Jackson; James, David G. Burton; Mr. MacTavish, Joseph Greene; Mr. Potts, Stephen Maley.

There is nothing in this piece to call for extended comment. An adaptation of a broad French farce, it is suggestive without having the redeeming merit of being amusing. The situations are old and the dialogue dull. Its production reflects little credit on all concerned.

LIBERTY. "THE ARCADIANS." Musical play in three acts by Mark Ambient and A. M. Thompson. Lyrics by Arthur Wimperis. Music by Lionel Monckton and Howard Talbot. Produced January 17 with this cast:

James Smith and Simplicitas, Frank Moulan; Peter Doody, Percival Knight; Jack Meadows, Alan Mudie; Bobby, Alfred Kappeler; Sir George Paddock, Lawrence Grant; Percy Marsh, John Paulton; Reggy, H. H. Meyer; Time, J. Gunnis Davis; Eileen Cavanagh, Julia Sanderson; Mrs. Smith, Connie Ediss; Lady Barclay, Vivian Blackburn; The Hon. Maud Barclay, Eleanor Pendleton; Lady Jim, Eithel Kelly; Beatrice, Josephine Howard; Lucy Selwyn, Esther Brunette; Marion, Grace Studiford; Rose, Grace Rankin; Sombra, Ethel Cadman; Chrysea, Audrey Maple.

By the unimpeachable testimony of the box office, "The Arcadians" ranks among the substantial successes of the season. The theatre is crowded at every performance, and seats are booked eight weeks ahead. The popularity of the piece arises no doubt from the melodic charm of the music and uncommon daintiness of the stage pictures. Otherwise there is little in a rather dull libretto to explain it. The score shows musicianly qualities. There is a spirited finale to the first act and an effective march movement, together with several topical songs, which are enthusiastically encored, but the libretto is somewhat far-fetched, and in places there are dreary stretches of talk during which the action



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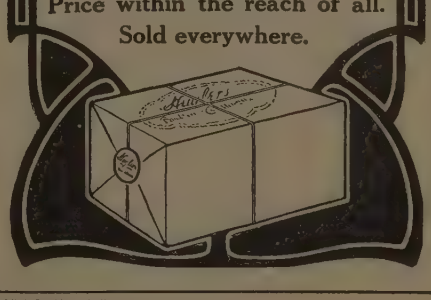

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lags. But the prettiness of the stage settings, the chorus of handsome girls dressed as Greek dryads, the sylvan shepherds with Pan's pipes, the animated scene on a fashionable English race-course with a number of beautiful show-girls—all this makes up a series of brilliant stage pictures sufficient to account for the vogue of the piece. Ethel Cadman, a young English soprano with an exceptionally sweet voice, scored a marked personal success as an Arcadian maiden. Julia Sanderson executed some dainty dancing, and that capital comedian, Frank Moulan, was quite in his element as the Greek youth, Simplicitas, sent by the Arcadians to reform the wicked population of London.

HACKETT. "THE PRINCE OF BOHEMIA." Musical play in two acts. Book by J. Hartley Manners. Lyrics by E. R. Goetz. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced January 14. Cast:

Dick Conyers, Andrew Mack; Ashby Tritton, W. T. Carleton; Allan Tritton, Harold Crane; Dominick Kearney, Charles F. McCarthy; Montague Head, Henry Norman; Spicer Twigg, E. H. Kelly; Count Catalon, John Ardizoni; Captain Raoul Jacquinard, Vincent MacCarthy; The Hon. Nigel Woodgate, Henry Warwick; Officer, Sim Pulen; Mrs. Mary Kelly, Mary Forrest; Kate Kearney, Georgie Lawrence; Angela Tritton, Christie MacDonald; Annette, Mildred Manning; Freddie, Maudie Brown.

Andrew Mack already enjoys the patronage of a large following, and he will make other friends with this piece, which has a good book and dainty, tuneful lyrics. Mr. Mack wears many disguises with songs and dialects to suit them all. His imitation of Caruso brought down the house.

NEW YORK. "THE YOUNG TURK." Musical play in two acts. Book by Aaron Hoffman. Music by Max Hoffman. Lyrics by Harry Williams. Produced January 31 with this cast:

Howe Swift, Sr., Charles J. Stine; Howe Swift, Max Rogers; Otis Knott, Frederick V. Bowers; Oxenham, Joseph Carey; Tipham, Walter Paschal; A Sailor, Harry Kleinman; Izzett Ali, William Edmunds; Ammi el Emmun, John Dunsmure; The Sultan. Harry Cowan; Tewfik, J. R. Lemery; United States Consul, W. H. Bentley; Mrs. Alice Keene, Maude Raymond; Alice, Violet McMillan; Mirza, Doris Goodwin; Fifi, Mae Murray.

Max Rogers is well known as the surviving member of the once famous team the Rogers Brothers. His present vehicle is an endless and dazzling succession of stage pictures, music, dances and show-girls. Maud Raymond as the boneless dancer, made a great hit.

WEBER'S. "MR. BUTTLES." Comedy in three acts by Frederic Arnold Kummer. Produced January 20 with this cast:

John Henry Buttles, Henry E. Dixey; Ralph Hemingway, Frank Goldsmith; Arthur FitzEaustace Dunmore, Cyril Chadwick; Captain Billy Flatsaddle, Charles Cary; Sir Percy Palmerston, Charles Alexander, James Bagshot, M. P., W. C. Reynier; Mr. Ulysses Grant Flighter, Scott Cooper; Mrs. Flighter, Jeffreys Lewis; Miss Sally Flighter, Minnette Barrett; Mrs. Captain Flatsaddle, Mrs. E. C. Carrington; Miss Dottie Dorrington, Olive Terry; Mrs. Violet Tipton, Helen Orr Daly; Gwendolyn Montmorency, Catharine Calhoun; Mrs. Wiggles, Mrs. Isabel Waldron.

This piece aimed to show how an English butler, by a cooperative plan with the rest of the servants in the household, could keep the establishment going, although the Earl, his master, is short of funds. The idea was good and, treated differently, might have furnished some amusing situations, but a silly masquerade by a man pretending to be the Earl ended by the whole affair becoming absurd. The play was soon withdrawn.

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Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York Theatres at the time of going to press (Feb. 15):

"Alias Jimmy Valentine," at Wallack's Theatre; "A Lucky Star," at the Hudson; "A Man's World," at the Comedy; "Just a Wife," at the Belasco; "Madame X," at the New Amsterdam; "Mid-Channel," at the Empire; "Mrs. Dot," at the Lyceum; "None So Blind," at the Hackett; "Seven Days," at the Astor; Sothern and Marlowe (in repertoire), at the Academy of Music; "The Arcadians," at the Liberty; "The Bachelor's Baby," at the Criterion; "The Chocolate Soldier," at the Casino; "The City," at the Lyric; "The Dollar Princess," at the Knickerbocker; "The Fortune Hunter," at the Gaiety; "The Inferior Sex," at Daly's; "The Jolly Bachelors," at the Broadway; "The Lily," at the Stuyvesant; "The Lottery Man," at the Bijou; "The Old Town," at the Globe; "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." at Maxine Elliott's; "The Traveling Salesman," at the Savoy; "The Watcher," at the Hackett; "The Yankee Girl," at the Herald Square; "The Young Turk," at the New York; "Where There's a Will," at Weber's; "Your Humble Servant," at the Garrick.

Facts Worth Knowing

The renaissance of the picturesque in coiffures will be in evidence the coming season. This will bring joy to the hearts of ladies of every age, as there will be styles to enhance the loveliness of our gray-haired beauties as well as those with Titian hair, and we will whisper that only young ladies will dye the hair now.

Those fortunate enough to have gray hair will adopt a modification of the Duchess of Devonshire coiffures, even going so far as to powder their locks to get the correct effect. Of course, the correct preparation must be used to obtain the desired result. This artistic aid to the beauty of ultra fashionable ladies is being applied with wonderful success in a world-famed etablishment where ladies from distant cities go to have this work done. This establishment is renowned for its correct methods in Beauty Culture, its wonderful preparations and its advanced ideas in coiffures. The study of the masters in painting and portraiture for the purpose of obtaining artistic effects is a feature in this establishment. The history of court beauties and their methods of preserving their charm of form and feature is studied even to the minutest detail.

The brown-haired beauties will keep the coiffures busy "glinting," which must not be considered bleaching in any sense. It requires an artist to do the work properly. This "glinting" of the hair gives brightness of expression and really tranforms a face that would be almost plain in dull-colored hair.

Many curls clinging around the neck will add to the charm of these picturesque new coiffures.

To keep the face clean it is absolutely necessary to employ a cream. Even soap and warm water require to be supplemented by a cleansing cream. This should be used once a day, and preferably at night. After a day spent in shopping, motoring or the usual round of social duties, more or less dust and dirt adheres to the complexion, and in order to free the skin of all such matter, the cream should be gently rubbed into the skin before retiring, for one of the chief secrets of a good complexion is this thorough cleaning at night. After the cream has been allowed to remain on for a few minutes it should be just as gently wiped off with a soft bit of old linen, or in lieu of that a piece of flannel. If you have not used a cleansing cream heretofore, you will be more than surprised to find how soiled that rag is, and you will at once become a convert to this method of preserving your complexion.

The use of a cleansing cream at night does not obviate the necessity of using a good cold cream, after the face has been washed in the morning. A small quantity of this cream should be rubbed over the face before the powder is applied. Its action is twofold, for it sinks into the pores so that as much dust is not absorbed by them during the day, and it also makes the slight dusting of face powder adhere better. Probably the reason that so many actresses have such good complexions is largely due to the fact that they use an immense amount of cleansing cream to take off their stage make-up.

A well-known actress who has just come over from England was recommending to me the other day a new tonic. She said that the professional people over there are more than enthusiastic about it, for it helps them to get through the trials and tribulations, not to mention the triumphs of the season in a way they never have done before. A few days' trials has convinced me that it has wonderful recuperative powers. It is especially advocated by the medical profession for nervous people and brain workers, and by the way those two classifications seem in this day and generation to about cover the majority of man and woman kind. This tonic might well be called a medicinal food, for its analysis shows that it is largely composed of casein, which is the most important food constituent of milk, and which the medical authorities state is a special nerve food. The rest of the compound is made up of a form of phosphorus that is readily absorbed by the system. Many people find it difficult to digest milk, and it is so hard to find milk that can be depended upon to be free from more or less dangerous microbes, that to find a substance which will supply all the nutritive qualities of milk is certainly a godsend. Further, the fact that this chemically prepared food tonic is so compounded that it is easily digested, adds to its remarkable value for those with delicate stomachs. The fact that it has benefited me so much makes me desire to tell the whole world about it.

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I have always believed that if we produced the quality, the public would produce the sales. And that faith has been justified.

Our advertising is *intended* and our salesmen are *instructed* to produce *public confidence rather than sales.* If we can do that the sales will take care of themselves. You will always find in

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a quality that corresponds with the straightforwardness of the advertising. We have now introduced the goods so thoroughly to dealers that you can get them almost anywhere in the best cigar stores, hotels, cafes, dining cars, etc. Any dealer who hasn't got them can get them quickly from his local jobber. If he doesn't want to, we will supply you promptly by mail, on receipt of the dealer's name and address, or simply his address, so that we may investigate his reason for refusal.

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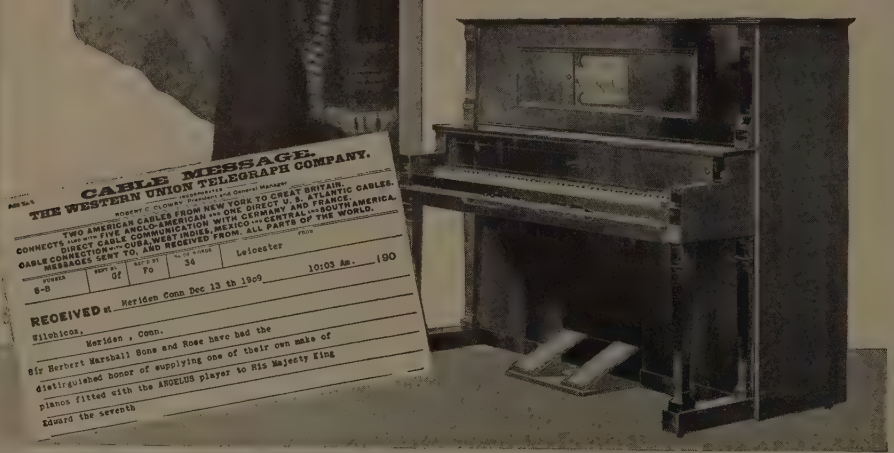
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Brilliantine is absolutely necessary to use on the hair which does not grow on the wearer's head. And as every fashionable woman to-day makes use of such hair a bottle of brilliantine should be on every toilet table. Some women have an objection to it because the odor is not altogether attractive, but now that brilliantine may be bought scented with your favorite perfume this objection goes for nothing. Of course, the same perfume that is used for the brilliantine should be used in the toilet water, the sachets and the extracts, for to mingle scents would be the height of vulgarity. The little curls, puffs and tresses that go to make up the smart coiffure this season should at least once a week be treated with brilliantine in order to preserve their natural lustre and well-groomed apearance. I was much shocked last week to see a well-known actress wearing half a dozen puffs that actually needed not a brushing with brilliantine but a genuine bath. They were in such striking contrast to her own glossy locks that the fact that they were false was obvious to all observers. We may all wear false hair, and not be ashamed of it, either; but there is really no necessity to advertise the fact to the general public. Brilliantine is very easy to apply, either to your natural locks or those which have come to you by the right of purchase. Just two or three drops in the palm of your hand, into which you rub one of those soft baby hair brushes, and then lightly brush the hair with it. The false puffs and curls can then be rolled into shape and held with hairpins. If this application is made at night the puffs and curls are ready for use in the morning.

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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Edmond Rostand and "Chantecler"

(*Continued from page* 80)

Chantecler, the veritable "Cock of the Walk." Suddenly a shot is heard, and a wounded hen pheasant flutters down. Chantecler plays the chivalrous protector, falls in love with the beauty, and decides then and there to quit his humdrum, bigamous round of existence, and follow his charmer whither she may go.

Act second, in the forest at night, brings the mocking and envious denizens of darkness to rail at the Chantecler's courtship. He has told his lady love that the sun cannot rise unless he crows. But they screen the light of dawn from him, and he oversleeps, while the sun comes up as if nothing had happened.

Act third is at the home of the Hen Pheasant, who in spite of her disappointment at her boastful lover's discomfiture, still keeps him by her side. The woodland neighbors and barnyard acquaintances drop in, and make merry over gossip about the sunrise story. Hunters come along, and scatter the group. All are panic-stricken and fly away, except Chantecler, who is shot and grievously wounded.

Act fourth has an original setting—it is inside the hunter's game bag, which hangs against a tree. The wounded Chantecler is in the bag, and his Hen Pheasant comes as a ministering angel, to bring him food and consolation. Here is where he declaring against vanity, apostrophizes ambition, and defies fate, à la the dying Cyrano de Bergerac.

This is not mere comedy fooling, Rostand declares, but rather a symbolical poem, holding the essence of human life, with all its deceptions, hopes, pains and perplexities, loves, jealousies, pettiness and nobility. Its psychology is profoundly human, beneath an outward guise of birds and animals—a setting which frees the poet's fancy from the restraint of human consideration of time, place and sophistry.

HENRY TYRRELL.

In Paris, says the *Times*, it is predicted that Charles Frohman will never produce "Chantecler," although he has paid $20,000 for the English and American rights. Before leaving for Europe recently, Mr. Frohman announced his intention of producing the piece simultaneously in New York, Boston and Chicago next year, with scenery and costumes made in Paris from the same models as the original, which is likely to require six months. Eight weeks, after rehearsals begin, will be devoted to preparations at one of the largest New York theatres. The translation is to be made by Rostand's son, who also translated "Les Romanesques" and "La Princesse Lointaine" into English.

Richard Strauss' "Elektra"

(*Continued from page 75*)

Strauss is known to have utter disregard for the voice, and yet Fuente tried to let the singing voice be heard on all possible occasions. That is a method most commendable in "La Traviata," but it is suicidal to the effectiveness of "Elektra." Huge, brutal quantities of sound are demanded by this composer and this score. And the tales from abroad are that when Strauss himself conducts the work he urges his players to make the operatic welkin ring with sound and again sound, even noise.

Oscar Hammerstein has given "Elektra" a handsome setting, and the performance went without a hitch. The première audience was very enthusiastic, even to the point of yelling its approval, and surely there are enough curious ones to fill the Manhattan Opera House for many more performances. But whether or not "Elektra" will take a regular place in the repertoire of this opera house seems doubtful enough at present writing.

All other operatic incidents of the month must be slurred so that "Elektra" may be given the prominence it deserves. So there remains but brief space for the mention of but another novelty—Baron Franchetti's "Germania" at the Metropolitan Opera House. Franchetti is known here, his opera "Asrael" having been produced some years ago. It was rewarded with little success. The fate of "Germania" promises to be very different. It is a work of no mean importance and it is excellently given at the Metropolitan.

Chief among its virtues is the libretto. This is full of interest, treating of the time when Germany was grovelling under the heel of the Napoleon, and ending with the battle of Leipsic. A stirring love story runs its course through the work. The production is a most worthy one. Good and effective, a strong cast and a prince of conductors—these all helped to rouse the first audience to enthusiasm. Caruso, Destinn and Amato covered themselves with new vocal glory, and Toscanini lead his orchestral forces to victory. The singing of the male chorus was exceptional for its quality and precision, and the stage manager did much to keep the eye of the listener interested as well.

Another performance of some interest at the Metropolitan was the revival of Flotow's opera "Alessandro Stradella." The work has dozed here for about twenty-two years. It was probably revived at the request of the tenor, Slezak, who filled the title rôle beautifully and sang with much lyric beauty of voice. Alma Gluck, as Leonora, was captivating and sang with loveliness of tone that speaks volumes of promise for her future. Goritz and Reiss furnished the comedy. The opera is full of tunefulness—as much as one would expect from the composer of "Marta." But it is pretty old-fashioned and is doubtful if the work will make great appeal to the masses of operagoers of this day and date.

Numberless repetitions of opera and even more concerts have crammed the ears of music lovers, with music, loud, soft and indifferent. It will, at the close, be a memorable season for those who survive it.

New Victor Records

For the twelfth year Sousa's Band has just renewed its exclusive contract with the Victor, and the attention of the public is called to the fact that *only the Victor* has the right to offer disc records of this great organization.

This Session resulted in a series of three new Records: Florentiner March; Siamese Patrol; Amina (an Egyptian Serenade).

A complete act of "Faust," the great prison scene in three parts—Geraldine Farrar-Enrico Caruso. "Faust"—Act V, Prison Scene—Part I, "Mon cœur est pénétré dépouvante!" (My Heart is Torn with Grief) Gounod. "Faust"—Act V, Prison Scene—Part II, "Attends! voici la rue" (This Is the Fair), Gounod. Geraldine Farrar-Enrico Caruso-Marcel Journet—twelve-inch, with orchestra, $5.00, in French. "Faust"—Act V, Prison Scene—Part III, "Alerte! ou vous êtes perdus" (Then Leave Her!), Gounod. "Martha"—Solo, profugo (Lost, Proscrib'd), Flotow.

Three splendid records by Journet Marcel. Journet, Bass. Herodiade—Air de Phanuel (Oh, Shining Star), Massenet; Le Châlet—Chanson Militaire (Song of the Soldier), Adam; Philémon et Baucis—Air de Sommeil (Slumber Song), Gounod.

Three new Slezak records—Leo Slezak, tenor—Der Lenz (The Spring) Hildbach; Der Prophet—Pastorale (There's a Sweeter Empire), Meyerbeer; Aida—Holde Aida (Celeste Aida) (Heavenly Aida), Verdi.

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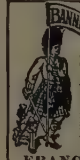

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Actor's Fund Fair

(Continued from page 72)

president's medal, 100 replicas will be struck off in silver for other distinguished guests.

Through the generosity of some of the wealthiest men of the city, the large drill hall of the armory will be transformed into a great garden, similar in scenic effect to that of the Versailles. In the center of the hall will be a beautiful canopied booth, with a fountain playing before it. Mrs. James Speyer and a host of society women and débutantes will have charge of the booths. Set around it, and so arranged as to present an exquisite vista, are numerous pergolas — overgrown with a luxuriance of green vines and delicately tinted flowers. Beneath the balconies are long rows of garden booths, where everything will be sold from a motto to an automobile.

The Players, the Lambs, the Friars, the Century Theatre Clubs, the Professional Women's League, the Twelfth Night Clubs, the THEATRE MAGAZINE, etc., have all taken booths and are endeavoring to outvie each other.

A score of stage beauties will have charge of the racing wheel, the tin horses racing night and day to swell the fund. Another group of actresses, dressed in the costumes of a dozen nations, will serve tea in the dainty tea-room.

In all, there will be sixty or more booths. Many of them were taken by the largest manufacturers through the country, who have donated thousands of dollars' worth of their products to be sold by the most charming women on the American stage. Over a thousand of these will forsake the footlights during the week to be mere salesladies. Julia Marlowe, Ethel Barrymore, Mary Mannering, Nora Bayes, Dorothy Donnelly and many other prominent actresses will be in charge of booths.

The art exhibit will be the most complete collection of paintings, drawings and etchings of the stage and stage folk ever gathered together at a single exhibit. Under the chairmanship of John W. Alexander, president of the American Academy of Design, the art committee has obtained the loan of some of the rarest pictures in private collections.

Giving variety to the display will be reproductions of rooms of houses famous in the history of the stage, among them Shakespeare's house. In these valuable relics and mementos will be auctioned off by leading actors. The aged guests of the Actors' Home in Staten Island, which is supported by the Fund, are producing a special exhibit to be displayed in a booth—the exact reproduction of their living-room at the Home.

A miniature theatre is being built at the armory, and various managers in the city will present especially written plays.

The committees for the fair have been selected from prominent society women, theatrical managers, artists, authors and stage folk.

Following are the chairmen appointed: Art Committee—John W. Alexander, president of the American Academy of Design; Society—Mrs. James Speyer; Award—Mr. Alf Hayman, general manager for Charles Frohman; Actresses—Miss Alice Fischer; Actors—Thomas A. Wise; Authors—Augustus Thomas; Advertising—Lee Shubert; Clubs—Joseph R. Grismer, president of the Lambs; Construction—Frank McKee, secretary of the Theatre Managers' Association of America; Executive—Daniel Frohman; Illustrators' Exhibit—Albert Sterner, the renowned illustrator; Decorations—David Belasco; Finance and Donations—Henry B. Harris; Great Britain—Forbes Robertson; Merchandise—Marc Klaw; Music—Victor Herbert; Press—Harrison Grey Fiske; Electricity—Arthur Williams of the Edison Company; Entertainment—E. F. Albee; Printing—Joseph H. Tocker; Railroads—James Buckley.

A Picture of Mrs. Siddons

An interesting discovery in the art world has a page of the London *Graphic* devoted to it. Doubled up in a lumber room, a large picture, seven feet by eight, by William Hamilton, R. A., has been found, showing Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth in the tableau to scene three, act two, of the Kemble version of the tragedy. The picture is of historical as well as artistic interest, as it is the only painting extant of "the incomparable Siddons" in the greatest of her impersonations. Hitherto the only record was a lithograph from a pencil drawing by G. H. Harlow. The painting also contains portraits of John Kemble as Macbeth and Charles Kemble as Malcolm. The picture is reproduced by permission of the owner, Bernard Weller.—*Dramatic Mirror.*

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Timely Hints on the Fashions of the Month

TO speak with absolute certainty on the new fashions for spring, so far as shapes are concerned, would be an impossibility at this moment, for there is no telling what surprise Paris may spring at the great openings the last of this month. The great couturieres have learned to guard their secrets well from the horde of copyists and their spys, who are ever clamoring at the doors of showrooms and ateliers.

Nevertheless, there are already general indications of what the new shapes will be, all except those which will be the *denier cri* of Paris. French models that have within the last month made their appearance in this country, differ only in minor details from those which have been so abundantly illustrated in these pages during the past few months.

A great emphasis is placed in these models, particularly in the costumes upon the sleeve cut in one with the bodice, thus doing away entirely with the shoulder seam as well as the sleeve seam. It is a style that is especially suited to summer, for while the new models follow closely the outlines of the figure, there is the suspicion of fulness and looseness of cut through the body that will make them decidedly comfortable for warm weather wear.

This cut of the bodice makes for the short sleeve of one-third or half-length, completed by an undersleeve of lace, net or embroidery. Indeed, some of the charmingly simple little morning frocks of wash materials that I have seen, and which were prepared for the Southern hegira, were cut with a slightly low, rounded neck and elbow-length sleeves, so that the flat guimpe was a necessary accompaniment of the completed costume. While the front of the bodice may be slightly loose and full, the back is fitted quite neatly to the figure.

It is safe to say that the button-back bodice will be the favored one, but for those who deplore the difficulty of fastening the new bodice, there is balm in the fact that the bodice will often be quite separate from the skirt this spring. The joining of skirt and bodice is accomplished in two ways, either by means of an attached belt of the same material as the gown, or by a belt or soft girdle of an entirely different material and color. Thus we see making once again a bid for fashionable favor the patent leather belt, owing to the fact that the normal waistline is now Dame Fashion's

Photo Bert

Charming restaurant dinner gown of amaranth colored mousseline de soie embellished with silk embroideries and fringe in the same tone, and with chrystal beads of a darker shade. Made by Vagancy, Paris

Photo Manuel

Ball gown of sky blue peau de gant with ornamentation of Venise lace dyed the same shade and pale blue drops of water beads. This charming gown is a creation of Henry & Co., Paris

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Photo Manuel
An exquisite tea-gown of Salome silk trimmed with crystal bands. The puffed sleeves and front are of cream figured net ornamented with old blue velvet ribbons. Made by Badin & Co., Paris

Photo Femina
Stunning afternoon costume showing fashionable combination of cloth and mousseline de soie. The corsage is of white lace embroidered with gold and veiled by the mousseline with a new form of cloth trimming. Made by Martial and Armand, Paris

edict. However, in most cases the belt made of the same material as the frock, or at least of the same color, is the wiser choice, for where the waistline is broken by a contrasting color it savors too much of the separate skirt and shirtwaist, and therefore cheapens to some extent the value of the more expensive costume.

A new idea that is particularly well adapted to the three-piece linen and rough silk costumes is the combination of materials in quite a novel way, yet at the same time preserving the one color scheme from foot to shoulder. This idea is the using of a thinner material for the construction of the bodice. For example, when granite linen is used for the skirt and coat the bodice may be of handkerchief linen or sheer cotton crêpe of matching color, while when Salome silk is used for the skirt and coat the bodice may be of chiffon, marquisette or silk voile. This is a pretty, useful and becoming style, which will doubtless find many followers, for it does not preclude the employment of the dainty white lingerie waist with the same coat and skirt when comfort or necessity dictates.

A most original white lingerie gown was recently worn at one of the Paris theatres, so a friend writes me. It was of soft white mull ornamented with bands of broderie anglais and the solid Chinese embroidery. The neck had a square Dutch cut, which was outlined by the open-work embroidered bands, which were sufficiently wide to cover the arm size. They went over the shoulders and ended in the back under a draped girdle of soft pink satin, but in front they descended to the bottom of the skirt on either side. From the horizontal embroidered band that outlined the front of the neck the mull depended in a series of fine tucks. This tucked portion ended just at the knee line in front under another horizontal band of the embroidery, below which was placed the piece of Chinese embroidery. The back was entirely of the tucked mull, its only trimming being a band of the broderie anglais set on about ten inches above the hem. The draped satin girdle was finished with an immense rosette placed at the left side of the front. It is only because my friend was so impressed with the originality and simplicity of this gown that she sent me a sketch that I am able to give such an accurate description.

A word about lingerie waists is timely. One finds these already displayed in the shops in great profusion. There are the sheer, cobwebby ones made of the finest handkerchief linen, washable crêpe, marquisette and batiste to which we have long been accustomed, and others of a more substantial linen, which are quite as dressy in effect, being trimmed with embroidery worked directly to the material, and such heavy lace as real Cluny or Irish. The simpler styles in transparent tucked materials are certainly much more attractive than those which are overloaded with imitation laces and embroidery. The tucked waists are frequently embellished with narrow insertions of Irish or Cluny lace applied in long lines that are both artistic and becoming. It is quite evident from the lingerie waists already displayed that America is not generally to take up the Paris fashion of the frilled waist. It is left for the individual woman to supply this at the neckwear

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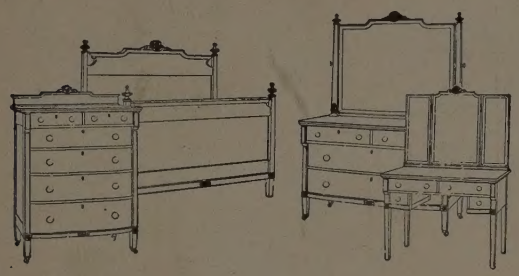

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